THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

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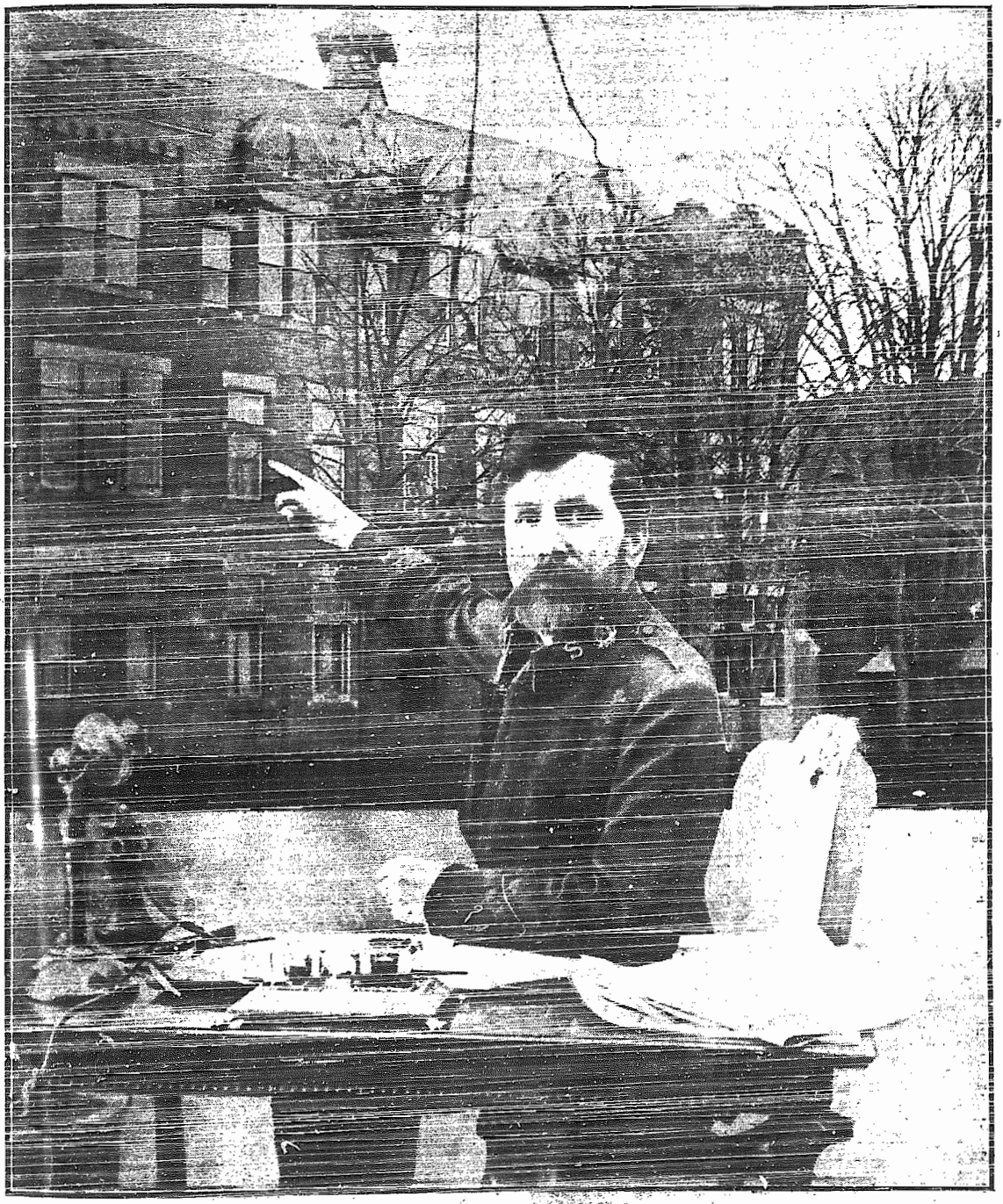


"YOUR PLACE IS THERE!"

The Building to which Commissioner Coombs Points is the Training College, Toronto.—See the Commissioner's Appeal, page 7.

The Return of a Wife-Deserter

An Interesting Sequel to a Corps Report.

"We have been in this city two weeks and are in love with corps and people. Twenty five souls have knelt at the penitent form, either for salvation or cleansing, one of whom has been a backslider for twenty years. Another, who left the Old Country in a fit of temper, and deserted wife and family, came weeping to the penitent form, where he sought God's forgiveness and said he had written to his wife to let her know his whereabouts."

THE above is an extract from a corps report from Montreal, which appears in the "War Cry" of December 1st, 1906. A most pleasing sequel has recently come under our notice. One day last week a man walked into the Editor's Office and wanted to purchase the "War Cry" containing the report of his conversion. He proved to be the Montreal convert, and he related some further particulars of the story to us, showing that a real change had taken place in him and how happy he and his family are now.

His name was Denver, and he owned a thriving little business in the city of Manchester, England. Outwardly he was moral and respectable, and had never tasted drink in his life, though sometimes almost on the verge of "having a glass or two." He attended a little mission sometimes just to humor his wife, but his religion was merely a formal one, as he well put it, "I couldn't teach my children to be good because I knew I was bad myself." He did not object, however, to his wife doing all she could for the conversion of her children, and as a result, they grew up thoroughly imbued with sound religious principles.

The Desertion.

In the Fall of 1906, things seemed to go wrong with him, his business was not flourishing as well as usual of late, and the worry made him somewhat irritable. A little unpleasantness took place between him and his wife, and in a fit of temper he left the house and went off, he knew not whither. He had a considerable sum of money on him, and the fancy seized him to go to Liverpool.

Whilst wandering aimlessly around that city, his attention was attracted by a display of dollar bills in the window of an emigration agency and he stopped to look at them. Just at that moment an agent came up to him, and touching him on the arm, said, "going to Canada?"

He dly knowing what he was saying, he replied "Yes," in a mechanical sort of way, and the agent secured him a berth, got him to insure his life and saw him on board the steamer. (He was a pushing young man evidently.)

For ten days or so, he was rocked on the stormy bosom of the Atlantic, and at last landed at Quebec, with very indefinite notions as to what he was going to do, and an indescribable feeling of guilt and lonliness. Remorse was already on his track, and go where he would, he could find no rest from the accusations of his conscience. What would his wife do? could he ever dare to return?—These and similar questions seemed to haunt him by day and by night. From one town to another he went, and at last arrived at Montreal.

On the streets of that city he caught sight of a Salvation lassie going to the meeting that night. Old memories revived in his breast. His wife had been a Salvationist before he married her and he had persuaded her to attend the mission where her father and mother worshipped.

The "Homeland."

Thoughts of the past crowded in upon him, and full of a vague interest, he followed the lassie to the citadel. A bright meeting was in progress and every testimony he heard seemed to strike him through the heart. Then someone sang the "Homeland." It was too much for him, and he broke down and wept like a child. Seeing his emotion, an officer came and asked him if he could help him at all. "No, not now," he replied, and for ten minutes or so he remained in his seat thinking over the past and how he could remedy it. Then he arose and went to the penitent form where the burden of his heart rolled away, and he found Jesus, the mighty to save.

As our comrade related this story his eyes filled with tears and a big red handkerchief came out, as he wiped them away. His heart was tender, and his remembrance of that night vivid. "It was the best day's work I ever did in my life," was his exclamation.

Now follows the pleasing part of the story. He sent a letter home to his wife informing her of his whereabouts, telling her that he had got converted and asking her forgiveness. She replied by telegram, that if he would return, all would be forgiven.

In the month of December, therefore, he faced the wintry seas once more and hastened to his home in England. The re-union was a glad one, and husband, wife and children knelt together and thanked God for his mercies. That was the first time they had prayed as a family, and during the six weeks he remained at home the practice was continued and the old Bible was reverently read from. They all now attended the Army, and the eldest boy became a bandsman.

His Plucky Little Wife.

Whilst he had been away, his plucky little wife had kept the business going in spite of every discouragement and had also managed to preserve his good name. She now suggested however, that it would be well if they all went to Canada. The business was sold out, therefore, and Mr. Denver crossed the ocean again to act as pioneer.

This time he went up to Cobalt, and worked with a gang of miners for awhile. "They were a pretty rough lot," he said, "and hadn't much religion, but in the evening I would get them singing old gospel songs and they enjoyed it. I kept my little 'Soldier's Guide' on a little shelf over my bed and they were very interestd in it. Evry now and again they would take it up and look through it and I would tell them that if they lived according to that book they would do well. As I was over seven miles from the nearest Army Corps, it took two and a half hours to travel there over the rough road, so I didn't often get to a meeting, but I went down to Cobalt once and found some mail from England awaiting me. I thought that the country up there was too unsettled as yet to make a comfortable home for my family and so I've come to Toronto to try to find a house and a job and be a soldier of the Army."

This is the plain tale we listened to, and we thank God that it has such a happy ending and hope our brother will prosper in Canada and be a blessing to many.

Territorial Tit-Bits.

The plague seems to be at its height in the Punjab, India. Recently, in one week, there were 34,651 deaths. Our officers of all ranks are working nobly among the sick and dying.

In the Marathi Territory, also, the plague is very severe in some districts, but the Army continues as active as ever. The Satara work is progressing most favorably and from all parts of the Territory encouraging news continues to be received. New openings are constantly being reported. Officers are in [illegible] and sick comrades are [illegible]. The Satara School is maintaining its efficiency. Two looms from the Bombay factory have been ordered for this school, and it is hoped to introduce the weaving industry within a few weeks.

Acting Commissioner Richards, of South Africa, recently paid a visit of inspection to the Driefontein Farm, and states that he is very pleased with the present condition of things there, the progress which has recently been made being of a very satisfactory character. From the reports already to hand there is reason to believe that the ten week's Siege has opened in the happiest manner all over the Territory. The Field has evidently taken up the effort in good spirits and the outlook is distinctly promising. Souls were recorded at nearly all the peninsular corps on the first Sunday.

A man was recently condemned to death at East London, Cape Colony. While awaiting trial he was visited by one of our officers, and since the passing of the sentence has requested that their ministrations should be continued. Permission was given by the Authorities, accordingly, and a S. A. Officer will probably accompany him to the scafold if he is not reprieved.

Colonel Brengle's meetings at Bergen, Norway, have been of a most successful character. He reports that last week-end 217 souls were prayed with. The big hall in which the meetings were held was packed on Sunday night with over a thousand people and many were unable to gain admission. At the introductory gathering the wife of a prominent publisher, his daughter and her husband, his son and a prospective daughter-in-law were all at the penitent form and have since been among the most active fishers and workers. One of the marked features of the campaign has been the large number of men at the Mercy Seat—most of them elderly and nearly all volunteers. The total number of penitents to date in Bergen alone, has been 348.

Commissioner Hay has just concluded an important Campaign in connection with the Ascension Day, Switzerland. A cable from Berne states that the Commissioner's visit was a complete success. There were splendid crowds, overwhelming enthusiasm and 88 surrenders at the Mercy Seat. In addition to the public meetings the Commissioner conducted a series of Councils for the French-Swiss Officers.

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the sick and downcast.

Sunday.— Three Hundred.— Judges vii. 2-14.

Monday.—Most of Little.— Judges vii. 15-25.

Tuesday.—Nazarite Child.— Judges viii. 22-35; xiii. 1-8.

Wednesday.— Samson's Strength.— Judges xiii. 9-25.

Thursday.— Samson's Riddle.— Judges xiv. 1-18.

Friday.—One Against Many.—Judges xv. 1-19.

Saturday.—Samson's Weak Point.— Judges xvi. 1-15.

A NOTE OF VICTORY!

This column is not only for voicing petitions and disseminating helpful thoughts and ideas; but for ringing out notes of victory and recording answers to prayer.

Some time ago I passed on to our readers the request of a dear invalid who asked that prayer might be offered for physical and spiritual blessing. She writes of the great spiritual light that has burst upon the shadows of doubt and unbelief. I am giving an extract from her letter for the help and inspiration of others who may be treading dark valleys :—

"I wanted to write and tell you how abundantly the Lord has answered the prayers of the Praying League on my behalf. You have been a blessing to me, which I can't tell. From the first day you started the Praying League I felt there was a door opened to me for service. I had no other way of service in my condition, and was almost in despair over my uselessness. I never thought prayer was an acceptable service, but since then the Lord poured out a greater portion of the spirit of supplication. I believe as the Lord heard and answered the prayers of the other members and delivered my soul from my spiritual enemies, so He also hears me on behalf of others.

"I pray daily for the restoration of your health, as I notice you are again taking part in active work. I rejoice much, and pray for your success. . . .

"Please excuse my poor letter. I'm extremely weak, but the Lord keeps so near, fully resigned, knowing that nothing can take my life from me if He needs me here; if not, I'm His own property, bought by His blood. He can do as He wills, but I want to stay if I can pray someone to His feet, to that place—heaven on earth. He gave me such victory by all prayer' while I felt myself in the midst of hell, surrounded by continual evil voices. It was very dark, but I'm in the full light now. In my weak bodily condition the devil is hard after me to frighten me, as I pray for deliverance for him [illegible] he hates and torments me more. But all heaven is on our side."

We would say to this loved one, and to all who have passed or are passing through suffering—"The chastenings of His providence are the whispcrings of His love!"

THE GENERAL IN TOKYO.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A further instalment of Commissioner Nicol's great travel narrative concerning the General's visit to Japan. This article describes in language that carries one with a rush through the stirring scenes that attended the General's meetings.

WHAT a throbbing, palpitating sensation was the General's introduction to the capital! I cannot compare it to anything familiar to English eyes—except that the form of it was common—railway platform, the dress, manner of ceremony and style of introduction.

What was uncommon was the spirit that gave life to the form.

The Mayor of Tokyo, Mr. Ozaki, M.P., in a few words welcomed the General to the capital of the Empire, assuring him that "Japan has followed your career with admiration and is proud of the honor you have done it by coming so far to see us and to tell us something that I hope will be of lasting good."

The General a Masterpiece.

Before the sentences were uttered the regulations of the stationmaster gave way before the crowd clamoring at the ticket gate, and though a dozen Barons, Peers and M.P.'s sought to surround the General, it was in vain. The enthusiasm of the onrush was thoroughly Japanesque—they stormed the centre of attraction, and were in danger of lifting their distinguished visiter to their city off his feet. In moments of confusion the General is a masterpiece. He saved the situation by breaking the compact not to speak. At once, as if by magic, the crowd calmed and, turning to the Mayor, the General thanked him, and then lifting his voice, he spoke to the crowd as follows:—

"Mr. Mayor,—They tell me that the Japanese character is very difficult to understand. Some one has said that it will take twenty years to do so, and that it is questionable if a foreigner, even at the end of that time, will do so. Friends, I do not believe it," at which the eyes of the crowd twinkled and their faces wreathed with pleasure. "I have barely been thirty hours on your shore and I think I can read in the characteristics of your features the qualities of your hearts. I think I not only understand you, but, if I am not mistaken, the Japanese people understand the General," and at that word the station reverberated with a shower of banzais, during which the General's bodyguard, composed of the Mayor, penetrated the throng over the platform, past the ticket office and on to the steps that front the square of Shimbashi Station. The sight presented was staggering. As soon as he appeared, the immense crowd, the lines of which were difficult to divide, broke into a torrent of banzais. Instruments were blown, flags in a myriad of devices were waved, and thousands of hands uplifted. The General's carriage horses, not accustomed to such doings, protested after the manner of some and galloped into the dense mass of humanity. The police, who had not reckoned on such an ovation, were caught short-handed, and in the melee men, women and children were driven back. One or two fell within a few inches of the horses' roofs, but in a minute the sinewy grip of half a dozen Japs taught the team better manners, and the coachman, not once losing command, turned the restive animals toward the steps. The General and his T. C. and travelling staff jumped on board the carriage, and it was then that we beheld frantic students all over the far-stretching crowd vieing with Salvationists in leading the banzais. As for the decorations, prepared at the expense of the City Council, I could not gather their form; but I believe that, despite the proviso that no religious paraphernalia should be employed, enshrined in a great floral device, the Army Crest. War Cry readers are in a sense surfeited with descriptions such as these; but their significance here, where shouting in the streets is rare and where people and the press frankly acknowledged that for a parallel to the scene they must go back to Togo's return from the battle of Tsushima, I dare not pass it over with the stereotyped remarks that the streets were lined with crowds. The heart of the city, nay, of the Empire, was voiced in the demonstration. Some of the newspapers even go further. Count Okuma, one of the chief makers of Japan, used the day after their figure of speech: "This is spring, the season of flowers, when Nature's resurrection is seen in its beauty. General Booth has come to Japan in the spring of its revived youth, when his counsel will be welcomed and his career studied, as of practical value to the future of our land." And whether one listens, as I am doing while I write, to the banzais of the people, the encomiums of statesmen and the endearing smiles and facial feasts of our staff, or returns in imagination to this triumphal entry of the General to Tokyo, the Empire City of Japan, there is no mistaking one thing—the General's influence has eradicated the last grain of prejudice that usually colors the mind of nations that do not claim a great man as their own, that is, so far as he is concerned. He is the practical embodiment of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man!

Japanese Press Men.

Within two hours of his arrival in Tokyo, the General, with Major Yamamuro as his interpreter, was facing perhaps the brainiest set of newspaper men that he has yet spoken to. The Steads and O'Connors were there, and, with few exceptions, all college men of ability. To the number of sixty they had assembled to hear the General explain the objects of his visit and to ask him such questions as might occur to them. They delighted the General by their attentiveness, sympathy and reverence. At the close of his remarks, the General invited them to heckle him, but there was no disposition to do so, except on matters that related to his physical vitality. Their newspapers had that very day borne superabundant evidence of a deep feeling of regard and affection for the General of the Salvation Army. The press of Japan is united in its views regarding the General, and all these reports will soon show the future usefulness of the Salvation Army to the country. Each country has its social etiquette, and I may note here that all greetings of this kind are preceded by tea drinking. When the General entered the press men rose and bowed, instead of clapping their hands, as they did, however, when pleased with any point that commended itself to their judgment. All were European styles of clothes, of course. Seventy per cent. understand and speak and write English. A noticeable feature was the large number—one-third—who wore glasses. Eye weaknesses are prevalent in Japan. As to the causes, the most plausible is, I fancy, hard and long studying in bad light, for in the country districts eye weaknesses are rare.

Calls and Callers.

When the General sought some quiet after this interview, it was not to be found. The Secretary's table was littered with cards, and the General was requested with great deference to visit forty to fifty distinguished families. He would have required a week for the pleasant task, for whether he goes out or remains indoors, what he does is done thoroughly. A few exceptions had, however, to be made, and Friday was devoted to making a few calls.

His first was to the Mayor, to return thanks for his kindness. Of this gentleman I will only say here that, though not a Christian, he made a request that he should be favored with a passage from the Bible in the General's own hand, and, true to the key of his life, the General chose: "He is able to save to the uttermost."

The Premier opened his heart to the General, not his political heart, something far warmer, endorsed a scheme for providing medical aid for the poor which the General outlined to him, and said all he could do to assist the Army in Japan was at our service.

Count Okuma, as President and Founder of the Waseda University, former Premier and Foreign Minister, he has done much to mould the character of the nation in recent years. He is a man of great magnanimity. He lost a leg by a bomb thrown at him by a political opponent, who was transported for the crime. But as soon as the excitement died away the Count succeeded in procuring the man's release and providing him a pension. How he got round the law is a mystery to a stranger. Now this great man is devoting the labors of the remainder of his life to making men for China as well as Japan, for at the University are one thousand Chinese, who with their fellow-students made Heaven's arches ring with the banzais on discovering that he was in the grounds of the University. Of course the General promised to address them before leaving Tokyo—not on the programme!

Baron Goto, the President of the Manchurian Railway, offered to place at the General's disposal his own railway saloon, should he decide to go overland back to Europe. He told the General that six years ago he casually visited our International Headquarters, and said: "What I learned there compelled me to resolve that ever after I would help benevolent work." The moral needs no application!

The Foreign Minister received the General with great cordiality, but as these with other conferences and the London mail occupied more time than the General could devote, visits to Marshall Oyama and Admiral Togo—names to conjure with here—had to be postponed till after Sunday's first great battle for the souls of the people—the chief attraction of all to the soul of our beloved leader.

Japanized English.

Some of the welcomes constituted an exquisite blend of cultured English slightly overdone with adjective and metaphor. Here are two samples:

The Chief of the Prefecture Assembly wrote: "Looking at the dear General and his flag, we humbly feel as if he were a father in Heaven and earth, leading the host with a dignified appearance of grey hair."

The Chief of a Temperance Society: "Saving the world under the flag of the Salvation Army. The General is now getting a glorious victory all over the world, for whom we have been waiting just as much as the farmer waits upon the rain in the dry season, since we heard of him coming to Japan."

The People's Greeting.

This came off in the Drury Lane Theatre of Tokyo, called "Tokyoza Misaki Che Kanda," and was, from every standpoint, a fine success. Let me provide readers with a few minor points. Some entertained fears as to the management of 2,000 in a theatre; they proved groundless. Some held that to have an indoor collection, beside the usual charges, would be to court unfavorable criticism—a prediction that collapsed. Altogether, the proceeds were over $500. Some grieved this, that and the other. The only thing that was not anticipated was a thunder, lightning and rainstorm, which played upon the slender fabric of the building as a smart drummer does on a kettle drum. But this neither disturbed the General or his audience, while the Mayor, who presided, employed it as a point with which to clothe some of his thoughts.

"It is most extraordinary," he said, "that we should have this thunderstorm, on this occasion of all others. But just as the rain washes the streets of all filth, so the purity of General Booth's heart and life has cleansed many a home (loud applause) and the lightning is the fireworks of God to welcome him to the capital of the Empire. (Continued applause.)

"The General is one indeed. Other Generals may fight for righteous causes, but they spill human blood in the business; but the object of General Booth is to bless righteous and unrighteous. Many wars resulted in nothing but his works of love remain forever, and he is a God-sent messenger of peace." Sentiments from a man remember whose religion some would dare still call heathen.

Mr. S. Shimada, M.P., whom some call the Rothschild of Japan, spoke in similar terms. The General gauged his audience with unerring accuracy and replied to the greeting in one of his best addresses. He had a difficult task. It was really his first meeting in Japan. How was he to address them? Incidents and illustrations that would serve a Western nation would be inapt here. Social redemption in the West had to be approached by different channels to what is suited to a country where outward morality or poverty, for instance, is in fair and fine attire. Their religion was not founded on the Bible, and therefore its phraseology or idioms, while understood by many, were discounted by others. Then his translator, though able, was untried. The General felt the force of these considerations. Besides, there was the general strangeness of the situation.

There are no seats and no aisles in a Japanese theatre. People sit on their haunches, and, habit, being second nature, they can do so for hours. The floor of this theatre is carpeted, divided into six divisions, each division having again sixteen squares. Four people are supposed to occupy each of these squares; on this occasion I counted some with as many as six or eight in them. No one enters a theatre or a house in the everyday sandals or boots or shoes, and the scene at the entrance of ladies and gentlemen taking off their boots and substituting articles without heels for them, and often followed by ladies walking down the ridges of the ground floor with what appears at first to a foreigner as thin socks, is too comical for anything. But it is a cleanly custom, and in a meeting of this character ensures a noiseless movement of the crowd.

The General, once on his feet, however, was oblivious to these details. He saw the people and he was possessed of an insatiable ambition to bless them, and for more than an hour he endeavored, while relating the romance of the Army's progress, to bring about the conditions that make for permanent good. It was a grand effort. The interpreter, fortunately, was an interpreter indeed, and by his work to-night raised himself to the rank of the General's best. Mayor Yamamuro caught the spirit of the General, and in no part of the address was he more the General's counterpart than when applying a moral. There was no hesitancy of manner. The people sat in the position described as partners in a duel, watching first one and then another, breathlessly following the General's main arguments, excepting when applauding some witticism or illustration, which they did in extravagant fashion. The Japanese there rose to the rank of among the best listeners in the world in the General's estimation. He afterwards said so. More than one visible sensation appeared throughout the speech. Japan is notorious for seismic

disturbances. I predict after two nights while the General is in the country it will receive some distinct spiritual shocks. We felt some to-night. When the General stopped to ask a pointed question, such as "What is your chief aim in life?" or "Have you a clear notion as to the will of God?" or "Mere creeds won't help you. You believe a truth, but are you true?"—a sort of conscience-speaking feeling manifested itself. The forty reporters dropped their pencils to study the effect of the interrogation upon a crowd, sixty per cent. of whom I am told were non-Christian—that is to say, were either Buddhists, Shintoists or nothing at all. It made one long for a free field when the General's guns of truth would be discharged upon the conscience and mind of the Japanese, and we should see our own people leap the trenches and get to close quarters. It was a great night.

Civic and Nobles' Gathering.

An Historic Document.—I reserve to the last an all too brief description of the chief public function up to the present in connection with the campaign, namely, the gathering of representative nobles at Tokyo and leading officials in the magnificent Town Hall. It is difficult for British readers to grasp its importance. The nearest comparison to it would be an Assembly of Peers, M.P.'s and Cabinet Ministers in the Westminster Town Hall, under the Presidency of Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Balfour, with half a dozen members of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet.

The arrangements were in the hands of a select committee, whose names are synonymous with political, civic and commercial power. The committee were responsible for the issue of the invitations, the decorations, which were on no mean scale, the provision of refreshments before and after the assembly and for insuring, shall I say, upon a photograph being taken of Japan's strong men surrounding the General on the steps of the civic home of this great city, and which included the redoubtable and gallant Field Marshall Oyama, who took his place by the side of the General in cavalry uniform, and who, to testify his pleasure and sense of honor, took tea with the General and personally presented to each member of the Staff a pencil made out of Russian cartridges which he had picked up on the bloody battlefields of Manchuria. The ceremony was attended with the usual pomp of a welcome word from the Mayor and the reading of an address. The reading of this address was received with a profound silence, and when the General rose to acknowledge, the noble gathering stood to their feet and bowed to their guest. The General was clearly affected, and his voice, touched with emotion, found it difficult to express the feelings the act had stirred within him.

The General's reply was in every respect worthy of the dignity of the occasion. It was sized of much of his usual homely illustrations and repartee, but it gained a philosophic treatment. The structure was simple and the phrasing clear, concise and pointed. He acknowledged the welcome, instanced similar occasions, and, presuming that the builders of an Empire would prefer to hear from his own lips what the Salvation Army is, he defined its constitution and classified the needs for such an organization, explained its doctrines and outlined its main results, and finally unfolded the scheme to which I have already alluded for providing nurses and medical dispensaries for the poor in Japan.

Received and punctuated with applause, the real effect of the General's address was only ascertained in the Reception Room afterwards, where the guests spoke, mostly in English by the way, of the address in relation to Japan. Over the teacups, Lords, M.P.'s, Admirals, Generals and others talked freely of the Army, and expressed satisfaction with the explanation as to the internal working of the organization. Here informal talks showed that the social and religious movements in England are followed with deep and keen interest by the leaders of Japan. They see dangers ahead as the fruit of the rapid adoption of Western methods, and rely upon the Salvation Army as a valuable auxiliary to the State in preventing their growth.

As I write, the General is preparing to receive the British Charge d'Affaires and accompany him to the Imperial Palace to be received in audience and in full uniform by the Emperor. But for this and other events the mail will have to call again.

Bermuda Building Scheme.

Some Enthusiastic Collectors—Sixty-Three Locals Commissioned.

We are pleased to report that the S.-D. Effort has again been a success, and Hamilton, Bermuda, as of old, has scored a great victory. Considering the fact that the Ensign launched a Building Fund Scheme and the financial outlook in the Colony at present is not just the brightest, the $1,000 aimed at seemed a rather heavy

Ensign Trickey, Bermuda.

item. However, the amount is now assured and about $900 in cash has already been collected during the past six or eight weeks. Over one hundred soldiers were present at the special soldier's meeting, and nearly all pledged to give and collect certain amounts. The Ensign has already got upwards of $500 on his card, the Lieutenant has done a neat sum and several others have done nobly.

Brother George Tatem deserves special mention, seeing he not only reached over his target, but has, by saving up small amounts for seven years, been in a position to hand over from the "Lord's Box" $100.00 for the building. God bless him! This is all the more remarkable when we remember Brother Tatem's testimony, when he says that when he joined the Army he had but 8 cents left and in debt besides. He believes that giving the Lord one tenth of his wages has brought him blessings innumerable. He has increased the Lord's share to one eighth. With such generous giving as this, we feel a building must surely soon come to view.

The Fair Dominion.

We have just welcomed back to our midst our comrade Sister Ethel Greenslade, from Canada. She has many good things to say about the fair Dominion.

On Sunday night eight wanderers came home and on Monday night three came out, leaving pipe and tobacco at the Mercy Seat. The Band boys take great interest in the prayer meetings, and in many cases succeed in getting sinners to the front. A big commissioning of Locals has taken place, when about sixty-five Commissions were given out. Of this number quite a few J. S. Sergeants were commissioned.

Ensign Green and Captain Kenny, of Somerset, favored Hamilton with their presence on a recent Monday night and conducted an interesting meeting.

A talk was given on Wednesday night last, by Ensign Trickey, on "Incidents of Newfoundland Warfare," and was much enjoyed. Quite a number of soldiers have recently left for Canada and the States.—Corps Correspondent.

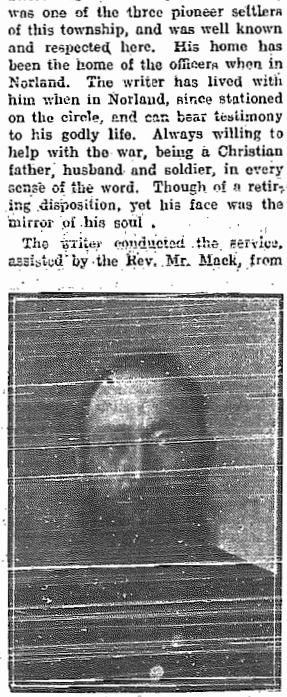
Promoted to Glory.

Brother Courtemanche, of Norland.

In the death of our brother, Robert J. Courtemanche, of this Corps, we have lost one of our oldest soldiers. He left us just two weeks ago, seemingly in the best of health, for his daughter's home in North Bay. The writer had the privilege of driving to the station at Coboconk with him, and as he bid me good-bye he seemed to have great hopes for the future; but la grippe took hold of him, which quickly developed into bronchitis, and finally ended in his death, after a sickness of only eight days. His dear wife received a telegram to proceed to him, but, sad to say, she just got to the depot at North Bay when he passed to be with Jesus. Mrs. Captain Walker was with him near the last, and received the assurance that his soul was in his Master's keeping.

Brother Courtemanche was converted eleven years ago, and was shortly afterwards enrolled as a soldier. He was one of the three pioneer settlers of this township, and was well known and respected here. His home has been the home of the officers when in Norland. The writer has lived with him when in Norland, since stationed on the circle, and can bear testimony to his godly life. Always willing to help with the war, being a Christian father, husband and soldier, in every sense of the word. Though of a retiring disposition, yet his face was the mirror of his soul.

The writer conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Mack, from



Brother Courtemanche.

the Methodist Church, the large attendance testifying to the esteem in which he was held.

A memorial service was held last night, and was well attended. We are relying on God's promise that He will be "a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless."—F. Rutherford, Lieutenant.

During our special campaign at Little Bay Island, about fifty souls were saved.

On the 24th April we had a banquet and the amount of $27.00 was raised. On Sunday we had an enrolment, and two young people took their stand in the Army.

Glance at the World.

CANADIAN.

A blast furnace to cost $1,000,000 to be built in Sault Ste. Marie by the Algoma Steel Company.

Land speculators are now [illegible] ing the value of land on the [illegible] Charlotte Islands, sixty or [illegible] miles off the coast, opposite the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus.

The Duke of the Abruzzi is expected to visit Montreal on his [illegible] from the Jamestown Exhibition.

An Ottawa gentleman [illegible] the care of the teeth of school [illegible] ren of so much importance that he has offered half the cost of establishing a dental chair for the purpose.

A captain of the Anchor Line says the reason for the recent cold weather is that the Gulf Stream is away from its usual course.

A young Dane and his twenty-year-old sister, who have been studying ethnology in North Greenland during the past winter, have started [illegible] towards Smith's Sound to hunt for a tribe of Esquimaux which are reported to have never yet seen a civilized man.

The Grand Trunk Railway shops at Stratford will be greatly enlarged and equipped with the most modern machinery.

FOREIGN.

Sir Benjamin Baker, builder of the Forth bridge and the Assouan dam, is dead.

The French cruiser "Chanzy" is ashore off the Chusan Islands, south-east of Shanghai.

The steamer "Naomi," of the Crosby Transportation Company, while crossing Lake Michigan from Grand Haven to Milwaukee, was burned to the water's edge.

At Uskub, Servia, the Turkish prison, consisting of about a thousand men, have deserted in a body. They say the food was bad, and other conditions unendurable.

A submarine volcano is supposed in Lake Michigan. One day the water in the harbor at Marquette rose six or seven feet in a few minutes, and then gradually went down, and similar occurences were noticed in several other places.

Fire in a large marble works in Buffalo has completely destroyed several fine pieces of carved marble designed for the McKinley mausoleum.

Count Mazza, Italian Consul-General in Canada since 1901, has been appointed Envoy-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Teheran.

Another outrage is reported from Odessa, where two chief detectives and the superintendent of police have been blown to pieces by an infernal machine.

Unknown human fiends wrecked a Pacific Coast flyer near Los Angeles, and as a result one man was killed and twenty-two others injured, three probably fatally.

The Black Hundreds are roaming the streets of Odessa, punishing the natives for the assassination of three police officials by terrorists.

The steamer "Mauretania," while being brought from Liverpool to run on the great lakes for the Canadian Lake Transportation Company, was wrecked off Cape Race.

SOME KENORA MUSICIANS.
Back row.—Captain Oak, Corps Cadet Loutelle. Front row.—Sister Maggie Loutelle, Corps Cadet Atkinson and Captain Plester.

Offered Him a Gold Watch.

The Story of a Loan.

Staff-Captain McGillivray tells us a story concerning a loan to an immigrant family which has a pleasing sequel. On board one of our chartered boats was a family very desirous of going to the North-West. Unfortunately, however, they had not sufficient money to take them all the way, and they asked the Staff-Captain if he could assist them. He promised to advance them what they needed if they could produce something by way of security, for they were perfect strangers to him.

An old family watch, evidently a valuable heirloom, was handed to him, and he lent them the money.

A few months afterwards the first instalment by way of repayment was sent to him. Others followed, until the whole amount was paid off, and best of all, the news of the conversion of the whole family at an Army meeting was contained in the last letter.

The King Comes Home.

Lord of the Plains is Being Repatriated.

A train load of the buffaloes which the Dominion Government have purchased from Montana, recently passed through Calgary. There were eighteen cars in the train and about two hundred head of the old prairie kings on board. The bulls were carried eight in a car, each in separate partitions.

It is expected that there are nearly five hundred head in the entire herd which is being shipped to Canada. The buffalo will be shipped from Havalli to Helena, thence through Great Falls, Sweet Grass, Lethbridge, MacLeod, Calgary, Edmonton, and will be unloaded at Lamont, on the Canadian Northern, near which place their range will be.

On their old range they had no restrictions, no fences, no hindrance at all. They had located and remained where they were. Up to a couple of years ago they were herded and corralled every night, but latterly they have only been rounded up occasionally. The range was next the Flathead Lakes, and they stayed there all the time, rustling through the winter and getting fat through the summer. They were purely range animals, and the only trouble caused was when they were rounded up, and that was not much, as they were very quiet.

An Erring Husband.

The Case of a First Offender.

Whilst in a state of drunkenness a certain man who recently came under our notice, stole some goods for which he was arrested. Our officer saw him in the cells, and ascertained that he had excellent references, and had previously borne a good character. He also had a wife and seven children depending on him. The wife was in an anteroom adjoining the court, with her youngest child, a little baby, while her husband's case was being tried, and she corroborated the statements he had made as to his previous good character. He was remanded for three days, and when his case was called the circumstances just related were told to the magistrate. In consideration of its being his first offence, and owing to his having so many dependent upon him, he was let off on suspended sentence, and handed over to the care of the Army. We found work for him, and he promised to do better in future. He is now doing well.

This is but one amongst many of the men and women whom the Army is instrumental in preventing from further crime by a little timely help and advice.

The Drunkard's Hope.

A party of Cadets were one evening returning from their corps when they suddenly heard a shout, and on looking to discover the cause they found a woman under the influence of drink, requesting their aid. The Sergeant, wishing to make her realize her responsibility and the folly of her action, informed her that the cadets were not the cause of her dreadful condition.

"No," replied the woman, "but you are the Salvation Army, and supposed to get me sobered up."

The writer, who was present, was pleased to note that even the worst look to the S. A. for help.—Cadet H. V. Jones.

Lost His Claim

But Gained Peace Here, and a Hope for Eternity.

Brother Little was a soldier at a certain Western corps. Before his conversion he had become afflicted with the "land fever," and had taken up a "claim," which would become his own property on the condition that he stayed on it for five years. Deep down in his heart he felt that God wanted him for an officer in the Salvation Army. His eyes were opened to the need there was for consecrated blood and fire soldiers, and so he sent for his Candidates' forms. Then the question confronted him. "What about my claim?" He had already put in three years on the land, and it seemed such a pity to let it all go again. He thought he would compromise the matter, and so returned his forms to the P. O., saying that he would come later. He thought he could stay home for another two years, at any rate, and then go to the Training Home when it suited him. By so doing he would retain his claim, and become an officer after all. He was young, too, he argued, and there was plenty of time.

A Piece of Land.

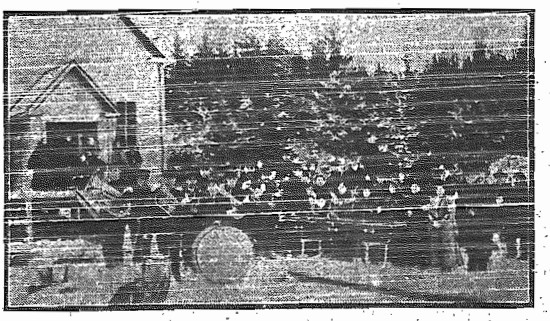
The answer he got from his P. O., however, quite upset him. That officer expressed his sorrow at the delay, and hoped the aspiring candidate was not like the man in the Bible, who said he could not come because he had bought a piece of land. This broke him up completely, and he was convinced that God had called him, but for a long time he tried to argue the matter out. For over a year he fought against his convictions, and consequently got into a very bad state in his soul.

At last he completely surrendered, and signified his willingness to come just when they wanted him.

He is now in training, and though he has lost his claim for this world, he looks forward to a life of happiness and usefulness as an Army officer, and an eternal inheritance amongst the sanctified in the next world.

Modesty is a grand virtue.

Proud looks make foul work in fair lives.



"The Funeral of Jimmie Newton's Wife of Cape Alaska, Who Died a Triumphant Death."

(These brief words accompanied the interesting photograph herewith reproduced.)

Prince Fushimi Coming.

The Japanese Prince to Visit Chief Canadian Cities.

Prince Fushimi, of Japan, who is expected to arrive at Quebec on June 7th, will be royally received and entertained by the Canadian Government while in Canada. At all points

Prince Fushimi.

there will be military guards of honor and all the detail of ceremony which was carried out when Prince Arthur was in Canada. The Dominion Government will provide a special train for Prince Fushimi and his suite.

There is a very good chance of Prince Fushimi being Emperor of Japan some day. The only person between him and the present occupant of the throne is a delicate boy.

The present visit of the Prince may have considerable influence in promoting good trade relations between Canada and Japan. Prince Fushimi is accompanied by four members of the Japanese aristocracy. He has three Secretaries and a rather numerous establishment.

Earl Grey is so much impressed with the importance of this visit that he is cutting down his stay in England to a fortnight that he may accompany Prince Fushimi to Canada and entertain him while in Ottawa.

A ROMANTIC LIFE STORY.

Mrs. Hargrave Gives a Lecture.

The week-end meetings at **Cornwall** were conducted by Ensign Bristow, and were indeed good.

The Ensign spoke powerfully from God's Word and much of the presence of the Holy Ghost was felt. One man raised his hand, admitting that it was best to serve God.

On Monday, Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave were present. Mrs. Hargrave gave a lecture on "A Romantic Life Story," which was very interesting and was listened to with great attention.—E Proctor.

Toronto Junction. Our Band was away this week but God was with us. Adjutant Cartwheel led the meeting on Sunday night. He gave a powerful address and four Juniors came to God in the after meeting.—Sergt. Pellatt, for Captain Heron and Lieut. Crist.

A Day at the Training College

Being the Experiences of a War Cry Representative Who Became a Cadet for a Day.

ALL OUGHT-TO-BE CANDIDATES SHOULD READ THIS.

ARE you saved? I admit this is a very abrupt beginning to my article, but as it happened to be the first thing I ran up against on entering the Training College portals, I adopt it as my text for the occasion. There, on the large blackboard in the library the three words stood out in ancient English lettering, chalked up artistically by some budding sign writer, whom in fancy I saw as a future designer of headings for the "War Cry," or a bill board decorator at a "hard go."

Before I had been there long, I arrived at the conclusion that the Salvation Army Training College would be a very uncomfortable place to live in unless one could answer that question in the affirmative. In fact, I know I am safe in stating that the doors of that Institution will never swing open to welcome anyone who does not give sufficient evidence that they have arrived at a satisfactory solution of the most momentous and solemn question of life. Whatever knowledge or talent one may possess, it all pales into insignificance, if the nominee for a Salvation Scholarship fails on this one point; for uncertainty as to forgiveness of sins and the cleansing of the heart would spell failure in the after life of a Cadet. Thus you see where the discomfort would come in to a doubting soul, not physically, but the haunting consciousness of unfitness for a spiritual service.

Nature and Nature's God.

It was on a Wednesday night that I once more became a Cadet. The Powers that be, received me kindly, and I soon felt as much at home as if I had lived there all my life. I was then handed over to a Sergeant, who showed me a little "trundle bed" in the corner of one of the dormitories and left me to my own reflections. The lights soon went out, and but for the heavy breathing of some and the movements of others as they tossed restlessly in their sleep, I would not have known that anyone else was in the room, for it was a pitch dark night. Now and again the sound as of someone holding conference with another would be heard and I surmised that it was some lad breathing out his desires to his Heavenly Father or wrestling in prayer for victory over some special temptation that had tried him that day. Then all was still.

The morning broke bright and fair and the sunlight came streaming through the windows, awakening the sleepers and bidding them arise and worship nature's God. There was sunlight without and sunlight within, for the glorious Light of the world was illuminating the minds of His young followers and filling their hearts with gladness and praise. A little bell tinkled and one by one they arose and quickly made their beds. Then some settled down to read their portion from the Guide, others busied themselves with little duties around the room, others were engaged in private devotions, while a few went out and proceeded towards an old disused stable at the rear of the premises. Soon the sound of an Army chorus was faintly heard in the distance. I proceeded to the spot whence the singing came, and pushing open the door saw a group of eight Cadets kneeling in a circle and praying unitedly for God's blessing on the day's efforts.

"Lord, give us a passion for souls," was the burden of one lad's cry, "may all we do this day be for the extension of Thy Kingdom and the glory of Thy name."

Keep out the De'il.

"Oh, Laird, keep the de'il oot 'o th' Training Home," prayed a Cadet from the Land of the Heather, "and if he should come aroond, help us to keep him oot o' air hairts." A volley of Amens followed this petition, and after about twenty minutes of prayer they all arose, much refreshed in soul by this spiritual breakfast.

The whole of the Cadets then mustered, formed up, and were marched off to go through some physical drill.

A dapper little Sergeant, with a sharp word of command took charge of the squad, and instructed them in the art of marching, turning and expanding their chests for awhile. A few seemed to be novices at the game and would certainly have been consigned to the awkward squad had they been soldiers of another army. No doubt they thank God they are Salvationists and as such, are required to be more proficient at knee-drill and Sword-of-the-Spirit exercises than at bodily contortions.

When the breakfast bell rang, everyone trooped into the dining hall to enjoy a repast of porridge, bread and butter and tea. Plain living and high thinking is evidently the rule at the Training College.

The Great North-West.

A Sergeant sits at the head of each table and serves out the food, and a happy flow of conversation soon sets in. As there were six comrades from the North-West at the table where I sat, the talk turned on the wonderful development of that vast tract of country and the prospects for the Army out there. They are an optimistic lot, these prairie soldiers, and believe great things for the Canadian West. One young man gave it as his firm opinion that Saskatoon would beat Toronto by and bye. After the meal is over one of them prays, and then there is a brief interval until lessons commence.

It so happened that the Commissioner was coming to give a lecture on this particular morning, and so at nine o'clock everyone was seated in the large lecture hall awaiting his arrival. When he came in he went right to the heart of his topic without delay, and for the next hour all enjoyed the benefit of this advice. It was a heart to heart talk, brimful of good things, with an occasional relish in the shape of a humorous anecdote.

"I want you to accept the Salvation Army," were his first words. "At present you are only in the waters ankle deep. There are many things you will meet with in your work that you will not understand, but be sure that somebody has thought it all out, has prayed about it, and solved the problem of why it should be done. The Army to-day is a result of the toil of the very best and holiest men."

Good Counsel.

Here is another splendid extract, showing the character of the advice given to our future officers:—

"The measure of your success cannot always be seen at the moment. Herein comes your trust and acceptance of what God sends you. I do not object to your having an enquiring mind. Get to know all you can about our methods; analyze them if you like; get to understand the Army for the purpose of propagating it. I emphasize this because it has a great deal to do with your happiness, and it is very necessary that you should be happy in your work. Live in the sunshine. Cultivate the ability of forgetting your own little trials and troubles, so that you might labor for others, and bring cheer to the lonely, the sick, and the sorrowing."

This was splendid, and every word was eagerly drunk in by the Cadets. The final sentences of the Commissioner surpassed all however.

"Don't be disappointed if you don't get many rewards here. There ARE rewards here but the crowning joy and reward is THERE—when we hear our Lord say, "well done." Take hold of our difficulties bravely and with sense. With God on your side you are superior to all the powers of the devil. Never forget your high and holy calling. Don't underestimate it. Don't let anything shake you from it."

No Waste Time.

The next hour was devoted to prayer. A Sergeant led a united meeting for half that time and many earnest prayers were offered for blessing on the "War Cry" selling in the afternoon and the meetings at night. "Lord, give us souls," was the desire of almost everyone. Then followed a period of private prayer and Bible study, thus giving each one an opportunity of strengthening themselves in God and developing personal religion.

"There's that bell again, no sooner out of one thing than into another," and the Cadet who was trying to snatch a spare moment to memorize the Books of the Bible or work out the weight of Goliath's armour in pounds, put his books away and doubled off to take his place in his class. This time it is a Bible lesson under the Principal. A part of the Old Testament was read and explained and the lesson made as interesting as possible by helpful hints from the Brigadier's own experience. During the recess I noticed the Cadets were very busy copying out their notes of the lectures, and "no time to waste here" was plainly to be read on the face of each student.

A lesson on how to visit people and what to say and do under certain circumstances brought a most profitable and enjoyable morning to a close. Then we made quite of cricket till the dinner bell rang, glad of the chance to get a breath of fresh air.

"It's all part of our training," shouted out the batsman, as he sent the ball flying over the fence.

The lectures and lessons were now over for the day, and after dinner the different brigades assembled to march off to their respective corps. I attached myself to the Riverdale brigade and spent the afternoon selling "War Crys."

Breaking New Ground.

The Cadet I accompanied said he was going to break new ground that afternoon and so we made our way to a little back street and started peddling the papers from house to house. How to make people buy something that they don't want is an interesting problem and we were face to face with it that afternoon.

At many places a scowling visage would appear at the window and a harsh voice would call out "Don't want none to-day."

"I haven't got any change," said a young mother, as she appeared at the door with a fretful baby in her arms. "My baby's sick-to-day," she went on, as if wishing to tell somebody her troubles. A word of sympathy worked wonders.

"Just wait a minute, mister, and I'll see if I can find some coppers in the house." She disappeared for a minute, and then returned with two cents and purchased a War Cry. There is an irresistible power in a truly sympathetic word.

"No, I don't want yer paper," said a man gruffly, when asked to buy one.

I started to enumerate the many interesting things it contained and and happened to mention the General's visit to Japan. It worked like a charm. "Hi, Mary," he shouted out, "bring me a few coppers, I want to buy a War Cry."

The Irish Lassie.

"Now, this number contains a rattling good Canadian story," I was saying to a buxom dame. "Just what will interest you."

"Shure an' I'm no Canadian meself, but I'll buy wan of yer papers for the ould man to rade," replied the good natured Irishwoman. Hooray! another one sold.

Thus our adventures could be multiplied, but I fear the blue pencil of my worthy Chief.

The Brigade had tea together at the barracks. Truly they could say they were in a land flowing with milk and honey—if you put maple syrup in the place of the latter. A most profitable debate went on for half an hour after tea and the lads sharpened up one another on the subject discussed, was "Inspiration and Preparation for the Platform." We had the benefit of Adjutant McElheney's views on the subject and his words were well worth listening to. I ascertained that it was the usual custom for them to indulge in these evening debates and that they derived much benefit from them.

As regards the open-air and indoor meetings they were of the usual character and afforded the Cadets an opportunity of testifying and of dealing, which acted as a tonic to them and resulted in their receiving blessed and two souls seeking pardon of God.

Thus closed a typical day for Cadets. It will be seen that it is a busy life, yet conducive to spirituality and affording abundant opportunity for fitting himself for officer in the Salvation Army.

Headquarters Notes

By I. C.

The Chief Secretary is again at his desk, and is also booking up a list of public engagements. He is certainly better in his health, but far from well. Let the comrades everywhere pray for his complete recovery.

What may be called the Toronto Tent Campaign will commence with the old Richmond Street Corps on Thursday, June 8th. A plot of land has been secured at the corner of Queen and Tecumseh Sts., on which a large tent will be erected. The Commissioner, with the Chief Secretary, Territorial Headquarters' Staff and Band and other Bands will be at the opening ceremony, while the Chief Secretary with a Band and a portion of the Headquarters' Staff will continue the campaign on the following week-end.

Another Campaign will be commenced by the Yorkville Corps on a piece of vacant land on Yonge Street just north of Bloor. The Commissioner and the Staff Band are down for the openings meetings on Saturday and Sunday, June 9th and 10th.

It is rumoured that these Tent Campaigns will be the fore-runners of new halls for these old Salvation Army Corps. What struggles they have had. How long they have inbored under serious difficulties and discouragements. A site has already been secured for the Yorkville Corps while one for old No. I. is being vigorously sought. May the old-time power come to these districts, where such wonders were wrought in the days of long ago.

Rumour hath it that Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich is appointed as Territorial Leader in some portion of India. If this is correct, the Colonel is to be congratulated, and the prayers of his old comrades will go up for him and his wife and family, and still greater interest will be manifested in that wondrous field of Army operations.

While speaking of India, we may say, a cry comes for trained nurses for our Hospitals in that land. If this should meet the eye of any consecrated maid, whether Salvationist or otherwise, who feel they should volunteer for this work, the Commissioner will be glad to hear from them.

The General will soon be in Canada again. Brigadier Howell is already on his way to the Pacific Coast to meet him and will look after the transportation arrangements for the General and party as they journey over the Rockies on to the Atlantic. Pray for our dear General that he may be strengthened, for not only is a mighty welcome awaiting him in the land of the Army's birth, but also a great campaign.

Japan is much in our thoughts from the fact that our dear General is returning from that land after one of the most marvellous tours of his eventful life. Changes are spoken of in connection with Japan, and we understand that Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, of Holland have been selected for this command. The West must look out that the East does not take the laurels.

Commissioner Nicol, Colonel Higgins and Brigadier Cox are returning with our dear General, and we bid them again welcome. Colonel Lawley will not be of the party but is returning to England by the Siberian Railway. A good deal may result from this. Our General and Chief have world-wide hearts, and Russia is as dear to them as any other land. God speed the dear Army along everywhere.

The news that Canada's old Commisioner will accompany the General in his journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and possibly will be with him in his Quebec meeting, will be hailed with delight throughout the Territory. Miss Booth has, and is, putting up a great and glorious fight in the Land of the Stars and Stripes, and God has given her some glorious tokens of His good pleasure. The Army marches on to victory under her leadership. How delighted she will be to listen to the General,s story of his Japanese triumphs, and what plans will be made for the war in the United States. God speed the Army over the border and mightily bless its Commander.

Great interest is being manifested in the forth-coming Summer Number issue of the "Young Soldier." Already encouraging letters have been received from comrades in different parts of the Territory. We bespeak for it an unprecedented sale. There is also great interest manifested in the Young People's Campaign and great things are expected from it.

The other pages of this issue will give some particulars concerning the Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove. The Commissioner and the Chief Secretary and Headquarters Staff and all the city officers will be engaged in this great open-air and tent effort. News has reached us that quite a few tents have already been bespoken and those who want to camp out there must hurry up.

We have had considerable sickness among our Officers, both Field and Social. Last week we mentioned Adjutant Broster. This week we have to mention Mrs. Colonel Pugmire, who has had a serious attack of sickness, and at the time of writing is very poorly indeed. Ensign Beeson, the Matron of the Esther Street Home, has been very much run down, but, thank God, is getting better. Pray for the sick comrades mentioned here, and also those who are not mentioned. Staff-Captain Scarr ran into Headquarters one day last week very much improved in health and longing to be at the battle's front again and the first opportunity that presents itself she will be there. She sends her love to all her old comrades.

Headquarters has been visited recently by several representative Officers from Holland. The last to come was the Editor of the Dutch "War Cry" and the next to visit us will be the Officer in charge of the Emigration work in Holland. The emigration of comrades from Holland is on the increase and bids fair to be a big thing. We are more than pleased with the report that has reached us concerning the well-doing and well-being of those who have already come. Salvationists from all parts of the world are welcome in this fair land of ours, and there are certainly wonderful openings and opportunities for everybody who will work, and room in the ranks of the Salvation Army for all devoted comrades who will fight.

In the Conflict Men are Wanted

A Heart-Stirring Appeal

By The Commissioner.

THIS is the great need everywhere. If we only had a sufficient number of the right kind of men and women, the harvests could be gathered in, and the great and wonderful opportunities presented to us adequately taken hold of.

There can be no question of the need. The tide of sin is rising. The Gambling Evil in all its varied forms is prevalent in our midst—the Pool Rooms and the Billiard Parlors are filling up; the Card Tables are frequently attended, and, in consequence, young men are finding their way home in the small hours of the morning, minus their cash, and growing weaker every day to stand up against the alluring influence of the gambling hell. The Drink Saloons continue to do a roaring trade, and the pleasure-mongers are making large profits from the worldly pleasure seekers.

A need! Yes, a thousand needs for consecrated, whole-hearted and devoted men and women who, filled with the spirit of compassionate love for their fellows, will do and dare for their Salvation.

The high honor of lifting up Jesus Christ to the whole world is within your reach: it may be yours. Angels might well covet such a privilege that is just within your grasp. Will you rise up and take it, or will you let it slip? It is for you to say.

You cannot take this stand without some risk and cost. There will have to be a putting of your all upon the Altar, the separation from worldly ambitions and the yielding up of body, soul, and spirit on the Altar for service.

It may be a process of real pain to cut loose and let go. To bring your Isaac to the Altar and slay him will take all the moral courage you can command, and yet if you will do it, God will not fail you. He never has; He never will.

Of course it is proper and right that you should count the cost. Reckon up what it means. Get to know, as far as you can, the demands of this service, and not only count the cost, but be prepared to pay it. Do not think that it will all end with the reckoning, the finding out of what it all means. The utmost farthing may be demanded, and if you are not ready and willing for it, you will be found sadly wanting.

But you can be ready. All Heaven is on your side, and the blessed Lord will not fail you.

Is it worth it? Yes! a thousand times yes. When you look back upon a life spent for God in service for your fellows, you will have no regret that you gave yourself up for this glorious service, but will count it all joy that you have been permitted to serve in this glorious war.

How well I remember, years ago in the old George Street Rest-Home, Toronto, being called to the dying couch of a woman warrior who had literally left all her earthly relatives and friends, and gone through seas of opposition and difficulty into the ranks of officership. As I entered the room I could see that she was nearing the River. The Doctor had said there was no hope of her recovery—life was fast ebbing away. She turned to give me the gladdest welcome she could, and gave me a token that all was well. Kneeling by her bedside with dear comrades round, I put the following question to her: "You are nearing the Eternal World. In all probability you will never go forth to fight again. On the borders of the Eternal World, tell me, have you any regrets that you ever gave yourself up to this service?" I shall never forget her look or her words. Summoning all the strength she had, she gasped, "I have only one regret, and that is that I have done so little for Him Who has done so much for me."

So it will be with all those who leave all to follow Him. The regret will not be that they did it, but that they did not do it earlier, or did not do it more devotedly. It will be your glory that you were one of the men and women who stood forth to take your place in the Conflict. Will you do it?

Yours in the Blood and Fire,

Commissioner.

WHAT ABOUT [illegible]UR

Consecrated to God ... and the War ...

A Mother's Eldest Daughter—Now a Cadet in the Training College.

The Violation of a Covenant.

ISALVATION Mother had a son— a soldier boy. Early in life she had given him up to the service of the Lord, even as Hannah had given up young Samuel, so when he got saved in an Army Meeting became a bandsman, and a bright Soldier of that Corps, the mother's heart brimmed over with joy. God had accepted the offering she brought to Him. She had kept her covenant—so she said.

"Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
I have given my all to God"

sang that mother—and she thought she had.

But one day the needs of this sinful world were brought before the young man, her son, in such a way that he plainly saw that the path of duty led from the home of his youth; from the old Corps that brought him to the fold, out into the great world—even to the training College. He made known his convictions to his mother; told her of God's leadings; of h[illegible] deep desire to become an Officer, and to leave his home and follow the Lamb whithersoe[illegible] should lead.

Drawing Back.

Then that mother was cast down. She wanted her son to work for God, but under her [illegible] she wanted him to be a valiant fighter, but at her side; she wanted the Lord to have her [illegible] that he should abide under her roof; so she used her mother's influence to induce that [illegible] abandon the thought of becoming an Officer, and because he was young in years and lacking in steadfastness of purpose he did not apply to become a candidate.

That boy had been given to God; that mother had sung upon her knees, "All I have I am bringing to Thee." How had she kept her covenant think you?

Forced Work No Choice.

But read! It came to pass that son was obliged to leave that town to earn his bread. Industrial pursuits necessitated his leaving home. Then, when the mother found that she could keep him no longer, she was willing to part with him for the Training College. This is a true incident. How did God regard it, think you?

What do you think, reader, of such covenanting?

Is it not pitiful that we should thus give to God what we can no longer enjoy ourselves or keep?

Is it Your Case?

It may be that some mother or father is manifesting the same spirit to-day. God calls and the Army calls for your son or your daughter in connection with this special Candidates Sunday, but some of you, instead of keeping upon the Altar that which you have placed there, want to take it off when the Altar is removed from your habitation or Corps. Reader what about your covenant?

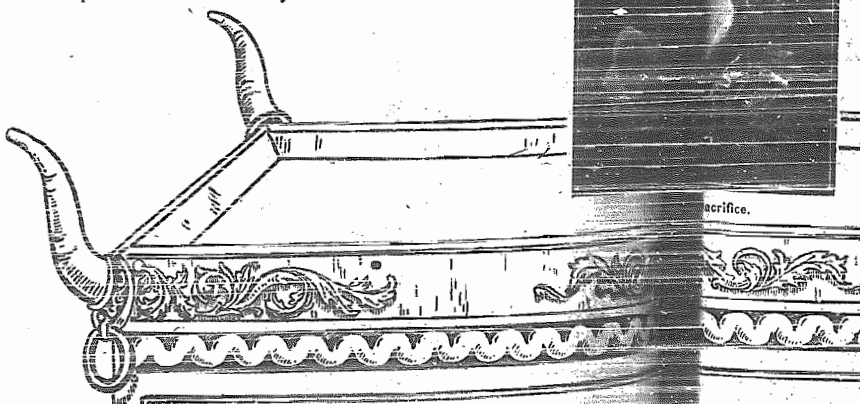
[illegible]nt.

That Abraham had [illegible] following is applica[illegible] [illegible]u hast done this thi[illegible] [illegible]ss thee; and in mul[illegible] [illegible]hy seed shall all the [illegible]

Promise to Parents

Parents who freely [illegible] [illegible]ation of their fellow[illegible]

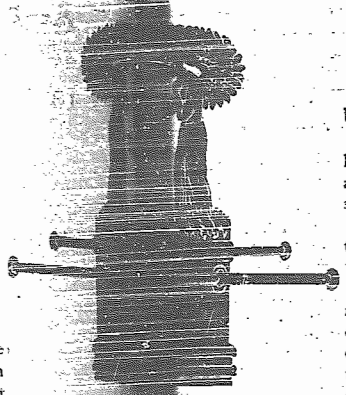
[illegible]acrifice.



Are You[illegible]ildr[illegible] the Alta[illegible] Se[illegible]

UT UR COVENANT?

A Word to Parents—A Word to You.



Unhesitating Obedience.

When God tried Abraham concerning his son Isaac, there was no holding on to the boy until there was no choice left, but without hesitation Abraham bound his offspring and, in heart, made, in the fullest sense of the word, a sacrifice of his son.

Then did God say: "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not witheld thy son, thine only son from me."

Of how many parents who read this War Cry can this be said?

Whilst many have kept their covenant, and have given theirs unreservedly to God, there are others who, for the sake of the additional comforts their children may bring by their wages or work or their company, stand in the way and prevent their children from following the leadings of God, and thereby deprive both themselves and their children of many and great blessings that would be won by a faithful keeping of their vows.

t.

That Abraham had a special blessing for his obedience is true, but that in a lessser degree following is applicable to those who to-day sacrifice for God, is equally true: "For, because u hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing I will s thee; and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven . . . and hy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed My voice.

Promise to Parents.

Parents who freely give up their sons and their daughters for the glory of God and the ation of their fellows, have a claim to this promise; and happy are they who, to-day, have the consciousness that their children, under God, are blessing others; converting the drunkard, purifying the unclean, causing him who stole to steal no more, making the deceitful true and the lovers of self unselfish, are leading men and women into a knowledge of Christ.

What about you, Mother? And you, Father?

Are you true to the covenants you have made concerning your children?

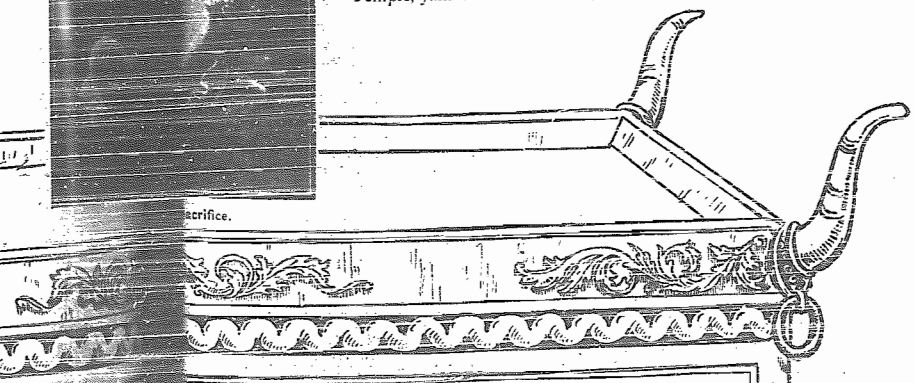
Remember your Vow!

If, up to the present, fear of the consequences that would overtake you if deprived of the services of your children, or mistrust concerning possible hardships or dangers for those you love, has prevented you from sending, with your benediction, your child to the Training College, remember your covenant this day and remove every obstacle that you may have reared to block the way to the Training College.

But more is yet required of you for the proper fulfillment of your covenant. If, through youth or timidity, or lack of appreciation of the lofty privileges those have who accept the exalted calling of officership your child should hang back, it is your duty to assist him or her with your wider experience, your greater trust, and to push your child up to a full consecration of body, soul and spirit for the saving of the world.

Begin now. After reading this page at once set to work to prepare the heart and mind of your child to apply for officership in the Salvation Army. Let him or her apply to the Candidates' Secretary, the Temple, James and Albert Sts., Toronto. Remember your covenant.

acrifice.



Given up to the .. Service of God ..

A Father's Youngest Son—Now a Cadet in the Training College.

Your ildren on A Service?

The Week-End's Despatches.

Do You Want to Read Some Matters that will Stir Your Soul?

IF SO, READ THESE REPORTS.

A PRESENT DAY PROBLEM.

The General Secretary Deals With it—Four Volunteers.

The meetings at the Temple on Sunday were conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. The Colonel is always a welcome visitor, as was clearly evidenced by the splendid crowds that turned out to the meetings in spite of the cold, damp day. The holiness address was based on the text "The Kingdom of God is within you," and was evidently much appreciated by everybody present.

In the afternoon the Colonel's subject was "Present Day Problems." "The hardest of all problems to understand," said he, "is why people will not get saved."

God's power was strikingly manifested in the night meeting, for as soon as the invitation was given, a stalwart man in His Majesty's uniform rose from the back of the hall and volunteered to the Mercy Seat, closely followed by a woman and three other men.

FOUR NEW BANDSMEN.

A Singer Converted.

(By wire.)

An enthusiastic welcome to New Glasgow was accorded the four comrades from Motherwell II. They were all bandsmen and will prove a great blessing here in rendering Salvation music. A young man accompanied our comrades, who is a splendid singer. He was dealt with about his soul and decided fo Christ. At our Musical Meeting on Friday he sang Salvation songs. We had a victorious Sunday and our Self-Denial target is smashed. Our officers have farewelled and a Blood and Fire welcome awaits our new officers.—Geo. Smith.

STIRRED CONSCIENCES.

Six Conversions.

The Officers of Regina and Moose Jaw exchanged meetings last Sunday, and at Regina (I will let our Moose Jaw comrades speak for themselves) the meetings were well attended. Adjutant Cummings is an officer filled with the fire of God's love, and his addresses stirred the hearts and consciences of those who regularly attend our meetings. The evening meeting resulted in three coming to the penitent form. To God be all the glory! The efforts of our officers are meeting with success, for the following day three good cases of conversion were registered, at which the Captain is smiling.—E. B.

THREE SWORN IN.

The Galt Corps has done well in the S.-D. effort. Both officers and soldiers worked earnestly to reach the amount of $18[illegible].

Three soldiers were sworn in on Thursday. Our band is making good progress, and good meetings are being held.—Maurice.

THE EDITOR AT MONTREAL.

A Splendid Field for Effort.

The Editor of the War Cry paid a visit, during the Empire Day holidays, to that magnificent battleground, Montreal, and conducted meetings at the Citadel, at Montreal V. and the Point.

The Editor was tremendously impressed with the possibilities of Montreal for Salvation Army warfare. The attention and generosity of the magnificent crowds that attended the open-air meetings spoke volumes for the attitude of the citizens, and was all that could be desired. Three men wept at the Mercy Seat on Sunday in the citadel.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and the Corps Officers made the visit most enjoyable to the visitor and contributed greatly to the blessing of the meetings. Brigadier Bond likes Montreal, its people and its Salvationists.

OPEN-AIR FIGHTERS.

Testimonies in Two Languages.

Montreal IV. We are having quite a lively time this summer in the open-air. Having no Barracks, through the kindness of our friend, the Rev. Mr. Duclos, we have three meetings a week in the French Presbyterian Church on Ponpart Street.

Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson from Headquarters spent last Sunday with us. We had some very interesting open-air meetings and one or two comrades spoke and prayed in French.

Staff-Captain McAmmond and the No. I. Brass Band paid us a visit this week and gave a musical festival which was quite a treat.

Our Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Burry, are getting a good hold and are devoted to the band of loyal soldiers. We hope soon, to see a building go up on our own lot which has been lately purchased on Albert and DeMontigny streets.—"Bonjour."

SIX CAPTIVES FREED.

We had a good attendance at the Sunday night meeting at **Burin**, on April 28th. Our hearts rejoiced at seeing six souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat. Two were young men, and after some wrestling with God, their captive souls were set at liberty. Our prayers are that they may never shrink from the cross. The power of God was greatly felt and deep conviction rests on many.

God has blessed our efforts put forth for Self-Denial and our target is smashed to splinters.—Cand. Clara Collins.

51 CONVERTS AND RECRUITS.

Since Ensign and Mrs. Pynn took charge of **Campbellton, N.B.**, substantial advancement has been made. Twenty-five converts and six recruits were enrolled last Thursday, and others are getting ready. Crowds and finances excellent.—S.O.C.

MAJOR AND MINISTER.

Both Address a Truro Audience.

Truro, N. S. On Sunday we had a great day, when Major Phillips was with us. A full house listened with rapt attention to his thrilling talk at the evening meeting, on "Man's Answer to God." A good prayer meeting followed but no visible results were seen.

On the previous Sunday the Captain gave a strong exhortation to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ, one soul came to the front. On Wednesday the meeting was led by the Rev. Baker of River-John, who gave us a good old-time Gospel talk, which was much enjoyed by all. Our Pie Social on Saturday was a great success, when the sum of $26.00 was realized.

On June 1st, the hall will be opened after renovation. The walls have been painted, and for the past three weeks Mr. J. Andus, an artist from England, has been engaged on some fine decorations at the West end of the building, which will be unveiled by Brigadier Turner.—C. S., for Captain Cavender.

WINTER CONVERTS ENROLLED.

Meeting at Hope-All.

On Sunday afternoon we had an enrolment at **Dildo**, when quite a number of our winter converts took their stand 'neath the yellow, the red and the blue. As all could not attend that wished to be enrolled, another enrolment was held on the following Sunday. May God bless them, and help them to be good and faithful.

On Sunday night God in a special way blessed us, and eight found their way to a pardoning Saviour, and proved for themselves that there is cleansing in the Blood.

On Thursday night a meeting was held at Hope-All, an outpost, where four comrades gave themselves to God.

We have gone over our target for S.-D. The soldiers here know how to work as well as pray.—N.E.S., Lieutenant.

CANDIDATES LED OPEN-AIRS.

Pins in the Collection.

Several of the bright young sisters of the Temple Corps, led by Candidates Loke and Green, held three open-air meetings recently, which were the means of the salvation of a young man. They also raised the sum of $3.00, and someone in the crowd was kind enough to contribute a paper of pins. Some sweet music and singing was rendered, and the "flag song" by Sister Loke, caused much cheering.—A.D.H.

NEW WINDOW PUT IN.

Captain Hebditch farewelled from **Clark's Beach** on Sunday, May 5th, after a stay of eight months. She was much loved by the people for the way in which she toiled for their salvation.

The Barracks was newly arched during her command and a new window put in.—Cadet Peach.

Ensign Janes was at **Channel** on Saturday and everyone was glad to see "Happy Mosie," as they call him.

We had the joy of seeing a stranger from the back of the hall come forward for salvation.—M. H.

THE PRISONER'S SOLO.

Corps Cadets at Rockhead Prison.

Halifax II.—We have been very glad to welcome back Envoy Venio from the States.

Ensign Sheard was with us on Tuesday with the bioscope, and we enjoyed the service very much. The hall was as full as it could comfortably hold.

Our S.-D. target is smashed. Mrs. Gerow, the Corps Cadet Guardian, and her cadets, went to Rockhead Prison on Sunday to talk to the inmates. A very good meeting was held, and much feeling was shown by the prisoners, one of whom sang a solo.

We had one soul at knee drill on Sunday, one in the afternoon, and seven at night. Envoy Gerow's talk at night went to the hearts of the people, and in the prayer-meeting the Spirit of God was felt very much.

On Monday we had a united meeting. No. I. and Dartmouth were over, and we had a good crowd. Ensign Hudson spoke on the difference of the death of sinners and saints.

Souls for the week—twelve.—War Correspondent Miller.

MRS. JOHNSTON AT WINDSOR.

Old Friends Delighted.

Windsor, Ont.—Our Self-Denial target of $325.00, has been secured. The collecting has been done in a beautiful spirit, and the soldiers have been most willing in all their efforts.

Mrs. Johnston, Praying League Secretary, has been with us for the week-end, much to the delight of many old comrades and friends. Her subjects were listened to with the best attention, and were heard by large crowds. One soul was saved on Sunday night, and Bandsman Bone [illegible] Vancouver, B.C.—A Goodwin.

FAITHFUL LOCALS REWARDED.

A Victory Scored.

Staff-Captain Hay, assisted by Captain May Lang, conducted the week-end meetings at **Ingersoll**. On Sunday afternoon the Staff-Captain [illegible] nine new soldiers. He also [illegible] a number of long-service [illegible] some faithful comrades, who have been fighting under our colors [illegible] and been faithful. Praise God.

At night the Staff-Captain [illegible] with much power, and many were convicted of their sins, but none yielded.

Adjutant and Mrs. Newman [illegible] their work well in hand. They have seen a number of souls saved, and the work is progressing under their command. They have just scored a great victory in reaching their Self-Denial target. God bless them.—May Lang, Captain.

FOUR CORPS UNITED.

Good Impression Made.

God has wonderfully helped us at **Hespeler**, and we have secured our S.-D. target. Staff-Captain [illegible] Ensign Riley, with officers and soldiers from Guelph, Berlin and Galt, were with us recently, and we had a splendid time. Ensign Riley gave us some good music, and the [illegible] band helped us greatly. Th[illegible] delighted, and a good [illegible] made in the to[illegible] maidge.

SEVEN TOOK A GOOD STEP.

Touching and Impressive Services.

Captain Hurd was at Peterboro for the week-end, with his stereopticon service. We were much inspired with his talk in the holiness meeting. In the evening he conducted the Memorial Service of Willie McDonald. Both his father and mother, who have only lately arrived in Canada, spoke of the Christ-like spirit shown by their boy. People were greatly impressed, and many were moved to tears. The Captain spoke on "Only one Step," and when he invited sinners to come to the cross we rejoiced to see seven at the mercy-seat.

On Monday night, an interesting Service of Song, based on the wreck of the Larchmont, was given. Crowds and finances were good, and $30 was the income for the week-end.—H. Blake, for Adjutant Wiggins.

CONVERT BROUGHT HIS FRIEND.

On Tuesday last, Brigadier Burditt visited Dauphin, and everybody was glad to see him back again

In the evening a rousing open-air was held, followed by an extraordinary inside meeting. The Brigadier preached a very impressive sermon to a well filled hall and conviction was stamped on several faces. At the close three brothers gave their hearts to God. One was a young fellow recently from the Old Country, who, during the afternoon of the next day brought another transgressor to the Barracks, where he got saved. The Brigadier also enrolled Brothers Falconer and Taylor.—T. F. Steckley.

A HEARTY SEND-OFF.

Our S.-D. target of $150 has been reached at Carberry, and we are thankful to God for victory. On May 17th a farewell tea was given in honor of Pro-Captain and Mrs. Stamp, who are departing for the States. Captain Larkin and many friends spoke of the help and blessing they had been to the Corps here, and our comrades expressed their thankfulness and appreciation of such a hearty send-off. A touching meeting was then brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

ELEVEN IN THE NET.

The Lord's work is still progressing at Vancouver I. We had eleven in the net last week. Adjutant Stevens and Ensign Burton were with us for a few days. The former was stationed here for a couple of terms some time ago, and the latter acted as supply during Staff-Captain Goodwin's visit to the International Congress. We were pleased to see them once more, and pray that God's richest blessing may attend them.—H.N.M.N.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Sergeant-Major Droiet, of Montreal, was at Belleville for the week-end, and gave a very heart-searching talk in the Holiness meeting. One soul sought the blessing of a clean heart. On Sunday night he gave a sketch of his life. It was much appreciated, and at the close of the meeting someone was heard to say, "If you can see purity in his face," "We thank God for a victory in S.-D. Our target of $175 has been smashed.

Chatham, N. B.—The Magic Lantern Service, "The Roll Call," conducted by Captain Ash was very touching and interesting. His stay of two nights was enjoyed.—Craig.

FAREWELL TO OLD BARRACKS.

Five Souls Say Good-bye to the Devil.

We have been having some fine meetings this week at St. John I., this being the last few days in our old building.

On Saturday night we had a fine open-air meeting and a grand old-time salvation meeting inside. The knee-drill was well attended. The rest of the meetings went off well, being led by Ensign Cornish; and at night Capt. Beecroft farewelled for other parts of the battle field and one dear sister farewelled from sin.

On Monday afternoon we had an Officers Council and tea, then at night a great winding up meeting to the old Barracks. This was lead by Brigadier and Mrs. Turner. Major and Mrs. Phillips, P. H. Q. Staff and all city officers were present, all city corps being united. Appropriate music was rendered by Adjutant Carter, Lieut. Nock and Brother McGorman, also the Brass Band. At the close four souls cried to God for pardon, making five for the week-end.—Lieut. Nock, for Ensign Cornish.

HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER CAME.

Brothers and Sisters all Take Part.

God has given us another week-end of blessing at Stratford; and we praise Him for it. We fought under somewhat unusual conditions, being minus the band on Sunday, which had gone to take meetings at Mitchell. However, the comrades who were left to hold the fort pitched right into it, and we had good times. Sergeant E. Church conducted the holiness meeting, and spoke on "Covetousness." The afternoon meeting was in the hands of Sisters Mrs. Summer, Mrs. Lamb, and A. Stratford. At night Brother Jeffrey and Sergeant Church led, and Sister Hemmingway spoke on "The great Judgment Day." In response to the appeal two souls came to the penitent-form. One was the little daughter of Brother Jeffrey, who was leading the meeting. She got well saved, and gave a beautiful testimony. The open-airs were good, and were conducted by Brothers Buoden and Jeffrey.—E.C.

THE GREATER NEED.

Holiness More Important Than Eloquence.

Prince Albert gave a cordial welcome to Brigadier Burditt a week ago. His visits are always looked forward to. His thoughtful searching talk in the Holiness Meeting on the need for purity in life more than platform eloquence, was useful and helpful. In the evening the hall was well filled with a large interested audience, and the Brigadier fully cleared his skirts of their souls as his words were most solemn and could not fail to awaken dead souls.

May God keep us all with our hearts full of love and lives filled with with acts of joyful service.—John H. Wilson.

A RENOVATED CITADEL.

Our S.-D. target of $400 at Nelson has been smashed, and six souls have sought salvation during the week. Our Citadel has just been renovated, inside and out, and presents a very neat appearance. Captain and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieutenant Wright are loved and respected here, and citizens admire the Army's work. Our band is doing well.—W. Billington.

The General IN JAPAN.

Over a Thousand Souls at the Mercy Seat During One Week.

KOBE,

May 13th.

Our most sanguine hopes utterly exceeded!

One thousand seekers have knelt at the Mercy Seat during the week.

Yesterday afternoon there were glorious scenes of conviction and weeping, culminating in stirring rushes to the penitent form.

Acts ii. 2, and Isaiah lv. 10-12, fulfilled.*

In all for the week-end, three hundred seekers knelt at the Mercy Seat. Of these penitents, many were previously ignorant even of the name of Christ.

Immense multitudes enthusiastically "Banzaied" the General, both at Kyoto and Kobe.

The Japanese Press is unanimous in proclaiming the General's counsel to the nation as most friendly and opportune.

*The passages referred to by our Special Commissioner in the above cable are as follows:

Acts ii. 2: "And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

Isaiah lv. 10-12: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

Two London newspapers contained the following messages.

Kyoto, May 12th.

General Booth's tour of the country districts has ended.

In honor of his visit to Kyoto, and in order that the people might give him a fitting welcome, the Municipality yesterday closed the Exhibition which is now being held in this city.

The streets were consequently lined with crowds, who very cordially greeted the veteran Leader of the Salvation Army.

Many Union Jacks were displayed on the buildings and carried by the people.

The General's meeting was held in a building in the Exhibition grounds, which had been specially erected for the purpose.

In his address General Booth warned Japan against the vices of the West, and congratulated its Statesmen upon their evident ambition to make the country better and more moral.

He strongly urged the necessity of cultivating moral obligations, with a view to the promotion of the world's peace.—The Tribune.

This is augmented by the following cable to "The Daily Mail:"—

Governors, mayors, councillors, students, and the masses "Banzaied" General Booth in Osaka, Kyoto, and Kobe.

The Kyoto Exhibition was exclusively used by the city corporation for the reception of General Booth, who urged that the alliance was a basis for the promotion of world-peace.

General Booth is impressed by the agriculture of the country, but thinks the Japanese women need emancipating.

The Salvation Army's opportunity is greater than was expected, and General Booth has appointed a European Commissioner for the Army Work.

A Youthful Hobo.

How the Salvation Army Got Hold of Him.

A boy of sixteen appeared in the Toronto Police Court recently to answer a charge of stealing a ride on a freight train. Upon telling his story to the magistrate, he was handed over to the care of the Salvation Army until enquiries could be made as to the truth of it.

"Go with this officer," said the Crown Attorney to the boy, "and if you do just what he tells you, you will be all right!"

The boy was given a room at the Metropole, and arrangements were made for his obtaining meals for a day or two, and as his clothes were ragged and dirty, he was provided with a new suit. He made himself very useful about the Metropole, cleaning windows and doing odd jobs, and seemed to be a very willing young fellow indeed.

His story was as follows:—

He was Scotch by birth, and remembered the hills and heaths of old Perthshire, but early in life he lost both his parents, and was forced to shift for himself. He drifted to Montreal, where he worked at any kind of job he could obtain, but always had the object in view of getting out to Assiniboia, where an uncle of his kept a ranch. One day he made up his mind to get a little nearer to the North-West, and not having sufficient money to pay his fare, he resorted to the usual expedient of the hobo—jumping a freight. On his first trip he got as far as Smith's Falls without being discovered, and thus encouraged, he tried another journey. This time he found a resting place somewhere under the engine, and was carried as far as Toronto. When the train pulled in to the Union Depot he tried to crawl away unobserved in the darkness, but had no sooner come out from his retreat than a man grabbed him and threatened to have him sent to gaol.

"Gimme a dollar and I'll let you go," said his captor. The boy threw his last dollar on the track, and the stranger pounced upon it and disappeared.

Thinking he had escaped for this time, the lad attempted to make his way out of the station, but had not proceeded far when another man, a real detective, caught hold of him and made him his prisoner.

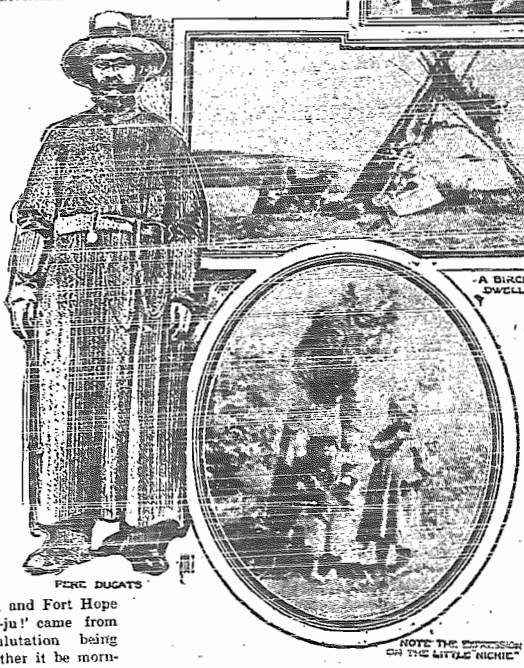
This seeming misfortune was really the best thing that could have happened to him, or he would not have come under the good influences of the Salvation Army.

A situation on a farm has now been secured for him, where we hope he will do well.

WHERE THEY SEE MONEY ONCE A YEAR

Graphic Description of Scene When Indians Collect $4 a Head from Canadian Government for Rental of Country.

THE OLDEST SQUAW OF THE RED ROCK TRIBE OVER 100 YEARS OLD.



PERE DUGATS

A BIRCH BARK DWELLING

NOTE THE EXPRESSION ON THE LITTLE NICHE"

CRANG! crang! boom! a heterogeneous lot of old guns roared. The flap of my tent was hurriedly pushed aside," says a writer, "and Jimmy Shoe's excited bronzed face appeared (my head guide,) saying, 'Dat pay man es comen,' and vanished."

"In explanation, I state that the scene is Gull River, West shore of Nipigon Lake, one hundred and fifty miles from civilization, in the Province of Ontario, and the occasion, the arrival of the Indian Agent, who comes once a year to pay the wild men their $4.00 each in return for the wilderness, which now belongs to the Government."

"The 'Pay man' landed, accompanied by a priest of the Nipigon, Longue Lac, and Fort Hope Districts. 'Bo-ju! Bo-ju!' came from everywhere—this salutation being used by Indians whether it be morning, noon or night. These now grave men clustered on the shore and solemnly shook hands; then they scattered noiselessly and fires gleamed all about as the squaws cooked the suppers.

Pay Day.

"At seven o'clock Pere Dugats and Bonin, the Agent, had their breakfast with me, and then started in on their duties—the priest acting as interpreter and umpire, as the Agent understood neither the Indian's language nor their peculiarities. By permission, I sat with them and listened, engrossed in the fascination of seeing these forest people that come from as far as three hundred miles in the interior, by canoe, with their families to draw the Robinson treaty money.

'Bergik quisence, bergik quiwiwisence, bergik inini, bergik eqwe?' (One girl, one boy, one man, one woman) the father asked.

'Anh-ha!' (yes) was the guttural answer, and the agent paid out $16.00 to the tall, lithe Indian that stood waiting.

'Miquetch,' (Thanks.) He moved aside to give room to a poor old squaw.

She drew her treaty ticket from a much worn leather bag around her neck.

'Wa-wash-ke-si' (Red Deer,) the father read; '189—Nipigon'—to help the agent locate the name on his books.

'Two men, one girl, one women.'

The old squaw painfully and slowly told how her 'inini' (man) was dying because of privation the winter before, and of how the girl, her daughter, had hurt herself carrying a load, and finally how she had come alone over a hundred miles to get the money for them all. A pitiful story. Red Deer also told that her son, the other 'inini' on the books, had been drowned by falling through the ice when trapping. Bonin paid her $12.00.

At noon the payment was finished, and the trading began. I watched the old custom with eagerness. One couple in particular attracted my attention, and I followed them from trader's to trader's. The squaw's name was Wa-ba-boos (White Rabbit,) and the Buck's As-sin-ah (Not Stone.) She was absolutely blind. In true Indian fashion, they were eager to have the glory of spending their money, but just what they should buy was a different matter.

First, the man wanted a pair of cheap coarse socks at $1.00. These seemed just the thing to him; Wa-ba-boos, though blind as I have said, felt them all over carefully; fingered the toes and heels; deciding that they were—'kawin nisshisin' (no good,) much to the trader's anger and loudly proclaimed injured business. A long argument ensued, the deep voice of As-sin-ah mingling with the shrill tones of his squaw. The row disturbed a nest of huskies, and these raised their howls to the clamor, helping out the effort remarkably! Wa-ba-boos had her way though, and the two departed to another trader's, she still scolding vibrantly, he sullen. The upshot of it all was that they bought two silk handkerchiefs at $3.00 each, a bottle of perfume that had no smell (for I tried it) at $1.00, a mouth organ for seventy-five cents, and a pair of carpet bagging slippers of most wonderful purple and green shades for $1.50. Then, their money all gone, they sat themselves in the full fierce heat, proudly handling their treasures, and waiting further developments.

Taking advantage of the Indian's impracticability and his characteristic powerlessness to save anything, the company goes ahead on the following routine: An Indian comes to the store at, let us say, Nipigon House. The clerk in charge is a Scotchman. The Indian wants "debt,"—that is to say, credit for some supplies. These are given him, if he is considered a good enough trapper to be able the following winter to turn in at least 150 per cent. more in the value of furs than is the value of what he buys. "Need" does not enter into the transaction at all. The Indian stands then on the company's books. The next winter he traps and takes the fur to Nipigon House in payment of his "debt." The clerk accepts these at the company's prices and credits the Indian.

Prices Paid the Indian.

Prices are about as follows:

Large mink, $1.25; medium mink, 75 cents; small mink, 50 cents; large beaver (four to five pounds), $7; medium beaver, $5.50; small beaver, $4.00; weasel and ermine, 25 to 50 cents; fisher, $2.50 to $4.50; large bear (very large), $4 to $5; large otter, $10 to $12; large marten (stone and brown), $2.50 to $4.

The Indian Peril.

After luncheon the trading went on steadily. I noticed among the long rows of faces many sunken cheeks, emaciated bodies, and heard the short, hard cough of the Indian peril—consumption. "If they could only have tons of cod liver oil," I suggested to the priest.

"Ah! yes; but how?"

The question remains unanswered. All honor and credit to it, the Canadian Government is ready and willing to do what it can for the help of these helpless people, but there is little it can do. The years on years of drudgery have made the Indians apathetic and dull. Some call the Indians shiftless and lazy; so they seem. And if they were, whose fault is it?

Throughout the long, reeking afternoon the Indians parted with their money for useless knick-knacks and gaudy trifles, while the dogs fought and bickered and the squaws chanted weirdly to their papooses.

At last the day was over—payment a thing of the past. To-morrow the camp will be deserted, for the Indians will to-night

Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Mournfully the long howls of the dogs, with heads thrown towards the moon, rise, cadence, and die away out there—somewhere over the motionless Pine and Fir. The light of the night sun (as the Indians call it, Te-bec-te-ge-sis) comes beam by beam, silvering the river, shining cold and strong on the tepees. All is quiet for a moment. Here and there were embers of a dying fire that gave off feeble glows; nothing moved but a few skulking dogs that sought food among the ashes. Then from far out in the darkness the lonely hoot of an owl came softly and the yelping bark of a fox. Night hawks darted to and fro, recognizable only by the feathery whistling of their long pinions. Then stillness Midnight, and the day is really done.

BAND CHAT.

The Brantford Band is running an excursion to Niagara Falls, via the Grand Trunk, on Wednesday, June 12. Already there is great interest manifested, and tickets spoken for. A large crowd is expected.

The Songsters, under the leadership of Bandsman Johnson, are doing excellent. They are over twenty in number, and there are some splendid voices. A summer uniform is contemplated.

Stratford Band recently paid an all-day Sunday visit to Mitchell. They received a hearty welcome. The meetings were conducted by Ensign Hardock, and all comrades assisted in making the meetings times of blessing. Large crowds gathered in the open air, and the attendance inside was good. The comrades were entertained by Mrs. Timms, a friend of the Salvation Army, and they enjoyed the visit very much, and received a cordial invitation to come again soon. Finances good.

Our band is making good progress under the direction of Bandmaster Holmes, as also is our J.S. Band, which is under the direction of Deputy Bandmaster Clark.

The Fated Eskimo.

"Whether the views of Dr. Grenfell on Arctic exploration are correct or not," says the St. Johns News, Nfld., "his pronouncement on the Esquimaux question is not merely a terrible indictment of humanity, but a merited one. He has declared that the Esquimaux as a race are doomed to extinction, and that the white man is killing the Esquimaux by liquor and other vices. Newfoundland is innocent from blame. As a people we have allowed the Esquimaux to be deported for show purposes. They have left their homes to their physical and moral ruin. To the Esquimaux, intoxicants are an unmitigated curse, while residence in Southern climates is for them the sure precursor of consumption and disease. As a people we have a very plain duty to fulfil, and that is, to pass such legislation as will render it a penal offence for any white man to deport Esquimaux for purposes of exhibition or money making.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Romance of Jack and Jill.

A TYPICAL CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

PART V.—Continued.

A BRIGHT, lively song opened the meeting; then all knelt and sang some solemn prayer-hymn which vibrated through the audience, that by this time filled up all the chairs. Some brief prayers followed with more singing and a Bible reading, given by Captain Dickson. But Jill's chief anxiety was to hear the "testimonies" of their new soldiers. She had heard Frank Wright talk so much about it. Frank had been one of the first converts, and now sat wielding the drum sticks.

The first "experience" was rather a surprise and somewhat of a shock.

Pat Maloney, whom they all knew as one of the "hardest" cases and laziest men in the town, stood up to speak.

"Well, friends, ye all knows me, and ye all knows I'm a changed man. Ye know what I were. I was a lazy, good-for-nothing scamp. Why, I had not a pair of pants to me back when this 'ere Army came to town."

The people were laughing heartily. Pat did not see that he had become rather mixed ;but with true Irish wit, he seized the privilege granted the sons of the Emerald Isle, viz., speaking twice, and tried again, but with little better success, for the people simply broke into roars of merriment when he announced:

"Ye may laugh now, but ye'll laugh the ither side of your mouth soon, for ye'll soon be after hearin' the dust rattle on yur awn coffins, that ye will."

Captain Margaret gently rose, and lifted her hand, the people assumed a more serious mien and she explained "you all understand what our Brother means, I am sure. Now we will sing that lovely chorus, 'Since I have been redeemed,' and then Brother Forbes will speak to us."

A quiet hush fell upon the crowd as Tom Forbes arose.

"The last Brother that spoke and me have much to thank God for. We were both drunkards and used to drink in the tavern together. But God has saved us; He has taken away the very desire for the liquor. I can't tell how strong was the hold it had upon me. You know what it made of me, and how it wrecked my wife and home. But oh, friends, you don't know how mean it can make a man. The meanest thing I ever did, was after my little Gertie died—Ah, I loved her, friends!" Many an eye was dewy with tears, for all had known the fragile little girlie, with her pretty face and shy winning ways—"But the devil of drink made me steal the little chain—the only thing her mother had to weep over in the lonely days—I took it, brute that I was, and sold it for whisky. May God forgive me! He has forgiven me, and I mean to live a new sober life."

Sobs were heard in various parts of the rink. The service solemnly concluded, and the Douglas party, with others, silently went out into the summer night. Our friends had been deeply touched. They said little in comment, but Mrs. Douglas remarked as they entered the garden gate, as if in answer to a question, "Yes, children, the Army are good people, you may go as often as you like to the services."

"I should like to go to-morrow, Mama," softly requested Jill.

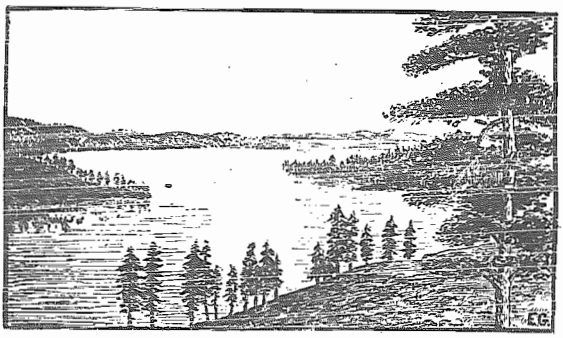
Ah! Jill, you are at the parting of the ways, to-night.

PART VI.

JILL'S DESTINY.

Friday at eight o'clock found Mrs. Douglas and Jean sitting in the rink. the meeting seemed to be of a different character All the people sat in a circle and the Captain stood in the middle.

Jill could never remember anything about it, only the address Captain Dickson had given. It seemed to answer all the questions of her spirit.



A Winding River.

Ever since definitely becoming a Christian, two years previously. She had felt there were higher spiritual heights to scale and deeper depths to sound.

And this fair, bright, sweet-faced girl Captain, who looked scarcely older than herself, seemed so to understand all this soul's hunger. She spoke with the real eloquence of the spirit; she said:—

"As the little darling paddling in the surf on the stretching beach, holds in his chubby hands the drops of water—it is ocean, tiny drops, it is true, but real briny water, the fulness of the ocean according to the baby's capacity—so with the consecrated heart, it may be filled to its capacity with pure love towards God, and a consequent purpose to serve Him."

"This is the fundamental truth of the new evangel, as taught by the hero-apostle, Paul, in his letters to the early churches—'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' Peter left no uncertainty as to how he understood the work of redemption, when he wrote. 'As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance, but as He Which hath called you is holy, so be yo holy in all manner of conversation.' John, the beloved, who knew his Lord's heart, felt confident of his ground when he said, 'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousess.'"

"This, my dear friends, is the Divine standard, to be given up to God's will. One writer has said, 'The highest reach of faith is loving, intelligent consecration of all our life to the will of God. We are to have desires, but they are to be held in subordination to God's desires and thoughts for us. We are to have plans, but they should be laid at God's feet, that He may either let us work them out for Him, or show us His plan for us, instead of our own. Complete consecration of our will to God's—that is the standard of Christian living at which we are to aim. Tennyson puts this well in 'In Memoriam'—

'Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.'

They are ours—we are sovereign in our power of will. They are to be made God's but we must make them His—we must voluntarily yield ourselves to God. That is consecration."

Second.—To have a present experience of cleansing, not depending upon the testimony of five or ten years ago, but having the inward consciousness just now that the precious, all-atoning blood of Jesus cleanses from sin. The clear witness of the Spirit, God's Spirit bearing witness with ours that our life is right and pure.

"It is the blood that washes white,
That makes us pure within;
That keeps the inward witness right,
That cleanses from all sin."

Third.—To be perfect in love toward God. Though it is impossible to live a life of sinless perfection, that is, a life that will please everybody, a life free from mistakes and errors, it is possible to be perfect in love toward God, to have the same love, according to our human measure, as Christ had. He said, 'Be ye perfect,' and up to the measure of our human capacity, this is possible."

"This doctrine was preached by the great John Wesley; for its promulgation the sainted Mrs. Booth contended; for the triumph of this life God's people have been misunderstood and maligned, have endured opposition, misrepresentation, and the odium, 'peculiar people.' All spiritual success is attributable to this teaching. The light of a holy life is the radiance that will spread around hope and salvation in the world's dark places, and nothing can extinguish it."

"Ah! my beloved listeners," Captain Dickson exclaimed, with glowing face, "A consecrated life is not a gloomy experience, oh, no, but a glad, blessed one. Are you living it? If not, why not? The condition of its enjoyment is a full and complete surrender of all you have, and are, and hope to be—time, talents, money and friends, everything to Jesus and His service. If you have not made this surrender, do so at once in the words—

"Here I give myself to Thee,
Friends, and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine or evermore.'"

This Friday consecration meeting marked a new era in the life of Jean Douglas. This life of higher Christian experiences; of a living, loving service, was what her girlish heart craved for. She soon saw that, much as she loved her church and its ordinances; in this Army was a wider sphere of usefulness for her, and her good father and mother would not hold their precious child back, but willingly permitted her to follow the Master in the path her conscience pointed out as His leading.

(To be continued.)

A HARD FIGHT AT HOME.

The following story is a touching one, and concerns the victory of a Candidate over the opposition of ungodly parents. It should prove an encouragement to others who are similarly situated.

When I received my examination papers, my mother gave me some candles and a dust sheet to hide the light from streaming through the cracks of the door, and I did my lessons when everybody was asleep. When the answers came I had to watch the postman at the top of the street, for if my father had got them they would have gone into the fire.

I had simply no time to get all I required; but when the men in the pubs where I used to boom the War Cry knew I was going to the Training Home, they had at one pub a smoking concert for my target, and at another they had a free-and-easy for my traveling.

The Sunday that I was announced to farewell I felt a strange dread. I did not know what would happen; but I never went to bed on the Saturday night. I had an all night of prayer alone. That Sunday afternoon the open-air meeting was between two pubs, and Adjutant Brister told the crowd that I was going into training on the Wednesday, and that I would ask for the collection. I had no idea what to say; but when trying to do my best, I saw my father at the back of the crowd. I went to him with the box, and said, "Come on, dad, give me a shilling." I noticed tears in his eyes, and as he gave me a shilling he said, "There you are my lass," and then walked away sharply.

At tea time he never spoke, and for the first time in my life I knelt and prayed in the kitchen in front of both mother and father. At night I spoke in the meeting, thanking the comrades for the way they had helped me. My parents were in the meeting.

At supper time my father burst out crying, and told me that not only would he willingly let me go to the Training Home, but he would come and see me when I was an officer.

When I was visiting home one afternoon with my Lieutenant, I pleaded with him to get converted. To-day he is a soldier, wearing full uniform. My mother is a Recruiting-Sergeant, and I have at present a sister, a Cadet in the Training Home.—British Cry.

T. H. Q. Staff Appointments.

Brigadier Horn, Yorkville Tent, Tuesday, June 11.

Staff-Captain Turpin, Yorkville Tent, Wednesday, June 12.

Major Simco, Yorkville Tent, Friday, June 14.

Staff-Captain Cave, Yorkville Tent, Saturday, June 15.

Adjutant Williams, Tent cor. Queen and Tecumseh Sts., in connection with Esther Street Corps, Monday, June 10.

Captain Layman, Tent, cor. Queen and Tecumseh Sts., Tuesday, June 11.

Captain Church, Tent, cor. Queen and Tecumseh Sts., Wednesday, June 12.

Adjutant Hanna, Tent, cor. Queen and Tecumseh Sts., Friday, June 14.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN

will conduct meetings at Lippincott, Sunday, June 9th.

BRIGADIER BOND

will visit Esther Street Corps (Tent at cor. of Queen and Tecumseh Sts.), on Saturday and Sunday, June 15th and 16th, assisted by one of the City Bands.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

will visit

Hamilton I., Saturday and Sunday, June 8 and 9; Peterboro, Tuesday, June 11; Montreal I., Wednesday, June 12; Quebec, Thursday and Friday, June 13, 14; Kingston, Saturday and Sunday, June 15, 16; Napanee, Monday Afternoon, June 17; Belleville, Monday Night, June 17; Aurora, Saturday and Sunday, June 29, 30.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hurd.—Picton, June 7, 8, 9; Napanee, June 10, 11; Odessa, June 12; Kingston, June 13, 14; Gananoque, June 15, 16, 17; Brockville, 18, 19; Prescott, 20, 21; Morrisburg, 22, 23, 24; Iroquois, 25, 26, 27; Cornwall, 28, 29, 30; Montreal, July 1, 2; Sherbrooke, 3, 4, 5; Quebec 6, 7, 8, 9; Montreal I., 10, 11, 12; Montreal V., 13, 14, 15; Montreal II., 17, 18; Montreal VI., 19, 20, 21; Montreal III., 22; Montreal IV., 23, 24, 25.

Captain Matier.—Tillsonburg, 6, 7; Simcoe, 8, 9, 10; Norwich, 11, 12; Woodstock, 13, 14; Ingersoll, 15, 16, 17; London, 18, 19, 20.

More About It.

MORE ABOUT WHAT?

Why, the Summer Number of the Young Soldier.

THE Summer Number of the "Young Soldier promises indeed to be a thing of beauty, and we predict that everybody who purchases a copy will be highly pleased with it. It will consist of twenty pages. The cover will be a photographic view of a Canadian pine forest, printed in colors, and so far as possible, the vivid colors of nature will be preserved. But red and green will predominate. It will be a charming cover.

In addition, there will be three other full page pictures, and, as may be imagined, they will be of a decidedly summerified, holidayfied character.

We have secured a charming camp scene at the Muskoka Lakes, which will delight all boys; while a boating scene on a B. C. Lake will give pleasure to both grown-ups and little ones.

The fourth full page picture is a pen and ink drawing of a very beautiful character, and represents two little Cannucks in the woods picking flowers. It is a sweet scene and will afford great pleasure to the very little ones.

Nearly every page will have a picture or a photograph. There will be original drawings of birds, butterflies and flowers.

Amongst the reading matter will be the following:—

A Sermonette by the Commissioner. A page full of special short stories for summer reading. A most interesting, Illustrated Article, showing what the Army does for London Slum Children in the summer time. "When the King was a Boy," an Article that will specially delight both boys and girls. "Some Corps Cadets," by Brigadier Taylor. "The Story of a Dragon Fly, or From Mud-Pond To Sunlight," by Brigadier Bond. "Dominion Day—What it Means, and the Lesson it should Teach Us," is a contribution by Captain Church of the Editorial Staff. It will be so written, that when once started, all will, no doubt, read it to the end. "Brave Bob" is a South African Battle Story, and will thrill and create good thoughts. Then there will be a Summer Story, with a fine picture for the little ones.

Some of the most popular features of the ordinary number will be continued, including a splendid instalment of the General's delightful letters to his Grandchildren. We mention this lastly, because we want it to be the thing remembered most.

All this for two cents. J. S. workers and Juniors, we want you to give this Special Number a magnificent sale. If every Junior and J. S. worker undertook to sell six copies—my what a circulation we should have. Will our dear comrades, just for this once, make an effort to sell six copies? Now, make up your mind to do so, and tell your officer of it straight away. Next week we want to say more about the paper, and something about the prizes.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; believed, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Tucker, Toronto, 20 Albert street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column and notify the Commissioner, if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

5877. REEVES, EDWARD. Age 38 height 5ft 11in., married, fair complexion; missing five years, last known address, Morden, Man., face marked with smallpox—see photo. News wanted.

5935. PATTISON, HARRY. Single, height 5ft. 5in., rather stout, dark brown eyes, right leg a little crooked, last heard of in June, 1903, was then at Ramey, Clean Field Co., Pa., North America.

5936. AYRE, MADAM. Age 31, light complexion, large nose, slight form, blue eyes, light hair; has with her a little girl 5 years 3 months. Last heard of in Belleville, Ont., Dec. 1906; is a palmist; reward offered.

5937. McDOUGAL, ALEXANDER. News wanted as to his present whereabouts. Last heard of in Calgary, July, 1905. Sister enquires. Chestnut hair, blue eyes, height 5ft. 9in., age 30; may be ranching.

5940. WALKER, JOHN. Age 20, height 5ft., fair hair, blue eyes. Was a groom in Lancashire. News wanted.

5942. CARR, RICHARD. Age 39, height 5ft 9in., dark hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion; last known address Brantford.

5945. GARWOOD, W. JAMES. Age 39, heighth 5ft. 4in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, upper front teeth missing; came to this country in March, 1907. News wanted.

5894. HOLMES, WILLIAM. Age 45, height 5ft. 6in. Miner, black hair, black eyes, bronze complexion; missing four years, last known address Wyoming, U.S.A. Brother anxious for news.

5545. FELLOWS, MILLIAS, and Mrs. Fellows. Age 42, height 5ft. 5in., light brown hair, florid complexion. Came to Canada in 1906, supposed to have booked for Winnipeg. News urgently wanted.

5926. SOUTHGATE, WM. WALLACE. Missing since 1890. Age 34, height 5ft. 6in., fair hair, fair complexion, blue eyes; last known address, Palermo, Ont. News wanted.

5933. BIDDLE, MRS. CHARLES, nee Williams, left Kingston in 1895; may have gone to Clayton, New York. Her Elmer enquires.

5955. SAXBY, ISOBEL. Age 28, height 5ft., black hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion; may be going by the name of Smith. Last heard of in Halifax, N.S. News urgently wanted.

5849. EDWARDS, A. CHAS. Left England in March, 1906; last heard of in August, last. Mother most anxious for news.

5860. ANDERSSON, THEODORE F. Born in Malmo, Sweden; age 32, brown hair, brown eyes; last known address, San Francisco, missing nine years. Mother enquires.

5861. SVEN, W. SVENSSON-SVAN. From Sweden, age 54, average height, brown hair, blue eyes; missing fifteen years. Is sought after in reference to a legacy.

5924. BUCKLE, JOHN FRED, or BUCKLEY. Age 45, height 5ft. 10in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, missing since November, 1899, last known address, Shaver P.O., Fresno Co., Cal., U.S.A. Brother enquires.

5911. BAILLIE, MARY (or SMITH), married, Irish, aged 48, height 5ft. 6in., fair hair, may be grey; blue eyes, dark complexion; missing fifteen years. Brother enquires.

5912. MOORE, FLORENCE DAISY, or MARGARET FRESTONE, who was placed in Dr. Barnardo's Home, and later sent to Canada; your mother and brothers desire to hear from you. Warm welcome awaits you.

5913. PEARSE, GEO. ALFRED. Age 27, medium height, fair hair and complexion; was a farmer in Devonshire, England, before coming to Canada. Wife very anxious for news.

5916. ANDRESSEN, CHRISTIAN. Native of Horsens, Denmark; age 30, seaman, left New York in July, 1906; last known address, Halifax, N.S.

5918. MURPHY, WM. JOHN. Age 27, height 5ft. 6in., brown hair; used to sing at charity concerts, also in Roman Catholic choir, missing eight years; last known address, Boucks Hill, Ont. News wanted.

5920. HENDRA, WM. EDWIN. Last known address Watterill, age 35, height 5ft., brown hair, dark eyes, fair complexion; coachman. News wanted.

5922. DUPACQUIT, LEON, or WM. BEDLINGTON. Age 32, height 5ft. 5in., dark brown hair, dark eyes and complexion; cabinet maker, not heard of since 1894.

5832. GARMENT FAMILY. Came to Canada in March, 1906; the husband is about 30 to 35 years of age, 5ft. 9in., thick set, dark brown hair, dark, bright eyes, ruddy complexion, is an old soldier, has four medals from Egypt and South Africa.

Musical Prize Competitions

FOR THE YEAR 1907.

The Chief of the Staff has approved the undernoted arrangements for the Prize Competitions of the present year.

The Competition will be in three classes:—

1.—The best original melody for general congregational use in Salvation Army holiness meetings.

2.—The best original selection for the use of Army bands.

3.—The best original march for the use of Army bands.

The Musical Board of International Headquarters will be the adjudicators, and the cash prizes, accompanied by a certificate of merit, will be as follows:—

For the best Melody, 1st Prize £3 3s.; 2nd Prize £1 1s.

For the best Selection, 1st Prize £4 4s.; 2nd Prize £2 2s.

For the best March, 1st Prize £3 3s.; 2nd Prize £1 11s. 6d.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to the competitors taking the third place in each class.

The Competitions in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in all lands, except persons who are officially employed by the Army in composing or editing music.

Melodies must be received in London between June 1st and 30th, 1907.

Selections and Marches must be received in London between July 1st and 15th, except from the colonies or foreign countries. The dates for such contributions will be extended to August 1st to 15th, 1907.

Full particulars, together with conditions and form of entry can be obtained from the Territorial Commander.

Intending competitors are asked to make immediate application, so that they may see exactly what is required before commencing their work.

We have been hard at work at Bracebridge, with the result that our target of $160, which was $35 above last year, has been smashed.—Adjutant Parsons.

The General's New Book

"Sergeant-Major Do-Your-Best, of Darkington."

Send in Your Orders Early. Price, postpaid, 75c.

The General's Popular Book, "VISIONS,"

Is very interesting reading. It is unique, and at the same time powerful in its portrayal of certain great truths. Price, 50c.

Have You Read the General's Book, "RELIGION FOR EVERY DAY?"

Dealing with matters affecting Soul, Body, Family, Business, etc.—190 pages of most instructive reading. Price 50 Cents. Postage 5c. extra.

The Warriors' Libsary.

No. 1.—Catherine Booth: A Sketch. By Lieut.-Colonel Mildred Duff.

No. 2.—A School of the Prophets. By One of the Scholars.

No. 3.—Our War in South Africa. By Commissioner Railton.

No. 4.—The Warrior's Daily Portion, No. I. By Brigadier Eileen Douglas.

No. 5.—The Way of Holiness. By Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Brengle.

No. 6.—Kingdom-Makers in Shelter, Street, and Slum. By Brigadier Margaret Allen.

No. 7.—Three Coronations. By Lieut.-Colonel Mildred Duff.

No. 8.—The Life and Work of Father Oberlin, of Alsace. By Commissioner Oliphant.

No. 9.—Farmer Abbott. By Brigadier Allen.

No. 10.—The Warrior's Daily Portion, No. II. By Brigadier Eileen Douglas.

No. 11.—Hedwig von Haartman. By Lieut.-Colonel Mildred Duff.

No. 12.—Gerhard Tersteegen. By Commissioner Oliphant.

No. 13.—Colonel Weerasooriya. By Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

No. 14.—Bernard of Clairvaux: A Twelfth Century Saint. By Brigadier Margaret Allen.

THE SALVATION ARMY YEAR BOOK.

A Mine of Useful Information About the Army in all Parts of the World. Helpful to Officers, Soldiers and Friends. Price, 30c.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST, Vol. XX.

January to December, 1906. Bound in Attractive Cover. All Up-to-Date Soloists Should Secure the Above. Price, $1.00, Postpaid.

A SPECIAL OFFER IN MOTTOES!

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The Salvation Army Tune Book,

With Music for Nearly all our Songs—319 Tunes. Only $1.00 each.

THESE PRICES DO NOT APPLY TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Write for Catalogue and Prices to

THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

The Commissioner's APPOINTMENTS.

Yorkville.—Assisted by Staff Band,—Saturday and Sunday, June 8, 9.

Quebec.—With the General,—Thursday, June 13.

Vancouver.—Opening of New Citadel and Metropole,—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 22, 23, 24.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Monday, July 1.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Sunday, July 7.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Monday July 8.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Thursday, July 11.

Great Commissioning of Cadets in the Temple, Toronto.—Monday, July 15.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S APPOINTMENTS.

Esther Street.—Saturday and Sunday, June 8, 9.

Yorkville.— Sunday, June 16.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Saturday, June 29.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Sunday, June 30.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Friday, July 5.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Tuesday, July 9.

Commissioning of Cadets.—Monday, July 15.

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation.

Tune.—For you I am praying, 227; Song Book, No. 69.

1 We have a message, a message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening, its moments are few;
He's seeking poor sinners, make haste to receive Him,
The Master is come and He calleth for you.

Chorus.

For you he is calling.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of hope to the poor weary heart;
The love of my Saviour, there's nothing so precious,
The friendship of Jesus will never depart.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of love to the poor drunkard's soul;
The love of my Jesus will snap all his fetters,
The blood of my Saviour makes perfectly whole.

Tunes.—Sinner see yon the light, 271; Are you washed, 207; Song Book, No. 29.

2 Sinner, see yon light,
Shining clear and bright,
From the cross of Calvary?
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side,
Flowed the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.

Come away, come away.

In the gloomy shade.
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
As his brow was wet,
With bloody sweat,
When in dark Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands,
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee;
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Now thy heart, oh, give to Me!"

The Auditorium, Quebec.

ON HIS RETURN FROM JAPAN

THE GENERAL

WILL LECTURE.

SUBJECT: "LESSONS OF MY LIFE."

Thursday, June 13th, 8.15 p.m.

The General will be accompanied by Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Nicol.

CHILDREN WITH OR WITHOUT THEIR PARENTS CANNOT BE ADMITTED.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS

IN THE

DUFFERIN GROVE,

Dufferin and College Streets, Toronto,

Saturday, June 29th, to Thursday, July 11th.

PROGRAMME AS FOLLOWS:

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th.—The Chief Secretary will lead. Speakers:—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Taylor. Lisgar Street Band will assist.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30th.—The Chief Secretary, assisted by the T.H.Q. Staff and Lisgar Street Bands. Speakers during the day:—Brigadiers Howell, Collier, Bond, Horn, and others.

MONDAY, JULY 1st.—THE COMMISSIONER will lead at 11, 3 and 7 p.m. United City Corps. Staff, Lisgar St. and Lippincott Bands will also be present.

TUESDAY, JULY 2nd.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Dovercourt Band.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3rd.—Brigadier Howell, Junction Band.

THURSDAY, JULY 4th.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Riverdale Band.

FRIDAY, JULY 5th.—The Chief Secretary, Lisgar Street Band.

SATURDAY, JULY 6th.—Brigadier Taylor, Cadets, Temple Band.

SUNDAY, JULY 7th.—THE COMMISSIONER, Staff Band and T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, JULY 8th.—THE COMMISSIONER in Command, Great Musical Festival; United City Bands will Take Part.

TUESDAY, JULY 9th.—The Chief Secretary, Lippincott Street Band.

WEDNESDAY, July 10th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Junction Band.

THURSDAY, July 11th.—Great Closing Night. THE COMMISSIONER in Command. T.H.Q. Staff, United City corps, Staff Band.

Pray for a Mighty Pentecost!

Soldiers or friends desiring to camp on the grounds will please write to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, for particulars.

Experience.

Tunes.—Stand like the brave, 187; The Lion of Judah, 190; Song Book, NO. 353.

3 O, Soldier of Jesus, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen you now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Chorus.

Under the blood, under the blood,
Stand out on the promise, get under the blood.

Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; oh, hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God:
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul, there's a promise for thee!
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God:
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

The promise can't save, though each promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under, that cleanses us through;
It cleanses us now, oh, glory to God!
We rest on the promise—we're under the blood.

Tune.—Down where the living, 391, Song Book, No. 302.

4 Oh, happy, happy day,
When old things passed away,
Down where the Saviour died for me!
I felt my sins forgiven,
And got a sight of Heaven;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Chorus.

There, where the Saviour died for me;
There, where the Saviour died for me;
I saw the cleansing flow,
It washes white as snow;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

I laid my burden down
And started for the crown;
There, where the Saviour died for me.
My chains are broke at last,
My sins behind Him cast;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Give me a heart, 32; Nativity 51; Song Book, No. 397.

5 Give me a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.

Give me a heart like Thine!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Tunes.—Come, comrades, dear, 136; He lives, 133; Song Book, No. 3

6 Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that Heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.